

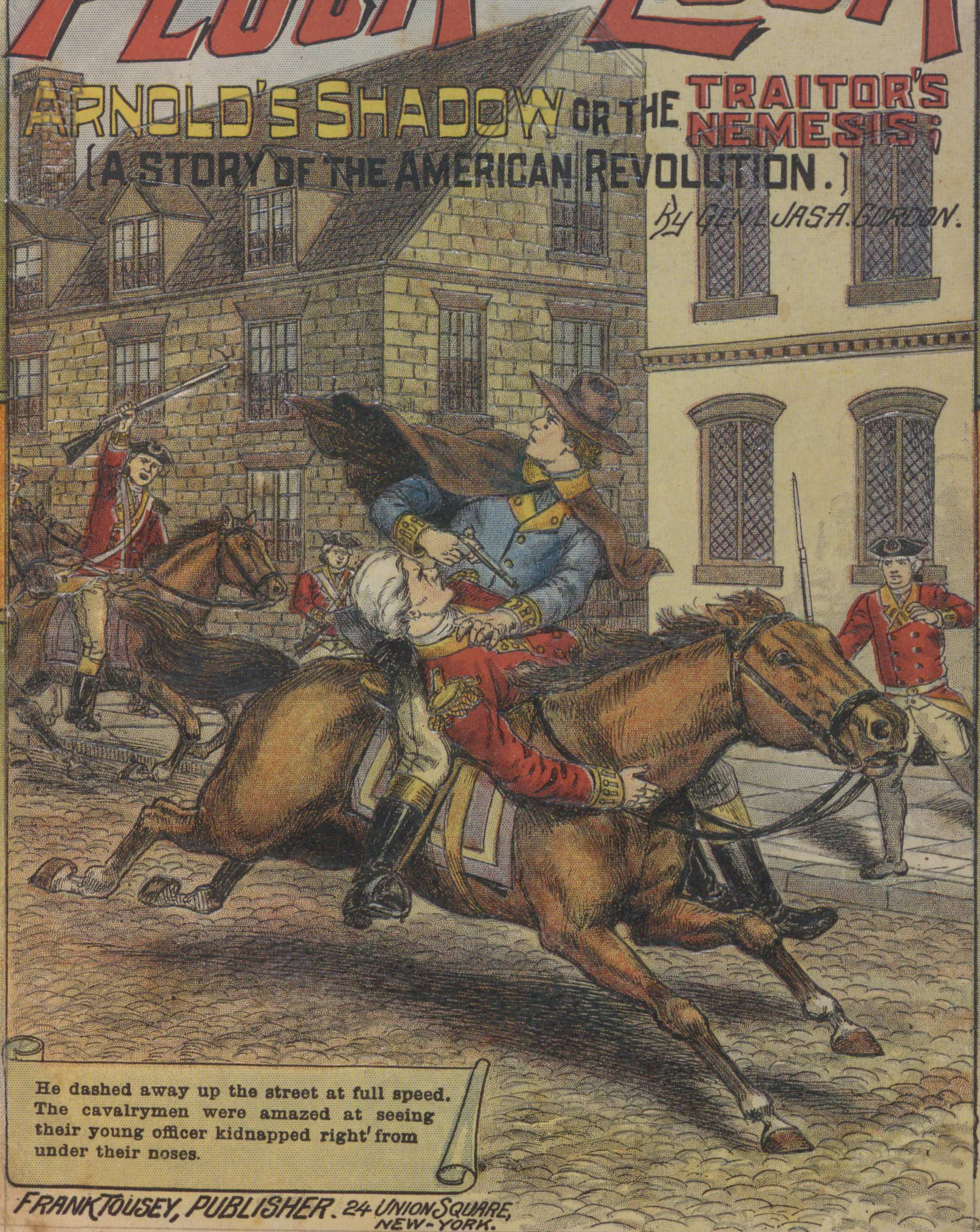
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PLUCK AND LUCK

ARNOLD'S SHADOW OR THE TRAITOR'S NEMESIS;
(A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.)

By GEN. JAS. A. GORDON.



He dashed away up the street at full speed.
The cavalymen were amazed at seeing
their young officer kidnapped right from
under their noses.

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PLUCK AND LUCK

Stories of Adventure.

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Arnold's Shadow

OR,

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By GEN'L JAMES A. GORDON.

CHAPTER I.

BENEDICT ARNOLD—THE DESERTER'S WIFE.

The name of Benedict Arnold will live in history to the end of time.

And so will the name of George Washington.

But what a contrast!

One infamous, detested, loathed of all men as one who betrayed his country in her darkest hour.

The other wreathed in glory and enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, revered and honored as the man who refused a crown, that his people might all be sovereigns themselves.

The history of the American Revolution would not be history without the names of Washington and Arnold.

They were inseparably connected with the stirring events of that terrible drama, and then drifted as far apart as the Poles.

Washington was faithful to the end and won the victory. Then he guided the young Republic for eight years on its way toward the head of the nations of the earth. He lived in the same age with Bonaparte, yet was regarded as the grandest man of the age. At his death he was mourned by all the liberty-loving people of the earth.

Arnold was unfaithful. He betrayed his people and country and imbrued his hands with the blood of their defenders. When the minions of the tyrant were driven from the shores of America he went with them, never to return—an exile from the land of his birth. He lived neglected, hated and loathed among the people to whose king he had sold himself, ever cowering from the shadow of a terrible Nemesis, and died without a friend in the world.

Such was the reward of a traitor.

Arnold was physically a brave man.

Nobody ever doubted his courage.

Time and again he had fallen on the British legions like a

thunderbolt. Daring and reckless himself, he did not scruple to lead his men into the very jaws of death. The enemy had learned to fear him, and the friends of liberty counted him as one of its staunchest defenders.

But with all his reckless courage and skill as a soldier, Arnold was a cold, selfish man in heart. He had no principles which objected to any dishonorable means of gratifying his ambition or luxurious desires.

When in command of Philadelphia, after Lord Howe had been compelled to evacuate that city, he seized the property of citizens without excuse and applied it to his private uses; he also contracted debts which he did not intend to pay. Such was his unsoldierlike conduct that he was complained of to the commander-in-chief. A court-martial was ordered and the charges were found to be true. The court found him guilty and sentenced him to be reprimanded by Washington.

It was humiliating to him—he who had struck such sturdy blows for the cause. It was painful to the commander-in-chief, who knew well what a brave soldier he was. The great leader performed the duty so delicately that nothing more was added to the sting of the sentence.

But the restless spirit of Arnold was already stung to the quick. A vindictive, revengeful feeling sprang up in his heart and embittered him against even the sacred cause he was fighting for.

Having been removed from the command at Philadelphia, the scene of his humiliation, Arnold asked for and received the command of West Point on the Hudson.

At that time West Point was probably the key to the military situation. It kept open the communications east and west for the patriots, and cut off the enemy north and south. So important was it deemed that Washington enjoined the commandant to hold it at all hazards. He believed that having been humiliated by the finding of the court-martial, Arnold could take extra pains to redeem himself by defending his trust to the death.

Such was the situation at the time our story opens in the Highlands of the Hudson.

The soldiers of the garrison were men who had seen service under Putnam and Mad Anthony Wayne. They knew what war was. They had seen it in all its horrors. Like all true soldiers, they respected courage wherever they found it. In the commandant of the post they recognized the daring spirit that had so often carried the day in the terrible carnage of battle.

But they did not admire him as a man. They saw him sulking and brooding over the sentence of the court-martial. A savage scowl sat continuously on his brow, and woe betide the luckless soldier who incurred his displeasure. Any small neglect, or the least violation of military regulations never failed to bring the severest penalties.

The wife of the general was beloved of every soldier of the garrison. She was amiable and good, and often interfered to save the men from the wrath of her husband.

One day Washington paid a visit to the post, quite unexpected to the general. The men were called out to receive the great leader with all the honors due his high rank. The commander-in-chief was highly pleased with the discipline of the men and the condition of the important position. He remained but a few hours, and then prepared to leave.

Taking Arnold by the hand, he said:

"I have given you command of the key of the Hudson, because I have faith in your ability to hold it. I am sure you will defend it with your life."

"Thanks, Your Excellency," replied Arnold, "I shall hold it as long as life, and a dozen men hold out."

"I am sure of that. Abate not one jot of your vigilance. The enemy would gladly sacrifice the lives of one thousand men to get possession of your position."

"It would cost them much more to get it, Your Excellency," said Arnold, returning the pressure of his leader's hand as they parted.

The commander-in-chief mounted his horse and rode away, followed by his orderly and two of his staff.

Arnold stood still in his tracks, gazing after the man in whose hands rested the destinies of America. He continued to gaze till the little party was out of sight. Then he turned away, muttering to himself:

"A brave, good and great man, but he will fail. I shall have my revenge."

A short half hour after the departure of the commander-in-chief, a mysterious individual appeared at the headquarters of the post, and the general was closeted with him for several hours. When he left and how no one of the garrison ever knew, for they did not see him leave.

One evening, a week after Washington's visit to the post, a man was brought in under a guard of three, charged with desertion. The general was pacing to and fro in front of his house, wrapt in gloomy, guilty meditation, when the guards approached. He heard them coming and stopped to listen.

A woman's voice in tearful accents fell upon his ear.

"Oh, for the love of heaven let him go!" pleaded the woman. "He is my husband. He did not mean to desert. He has been a good, brave soldier. It was to get to me that he left his command just for two days."

"I can't help that, ma'am," said the officer in command of the guard. "He is a deserter for all that. He resisted like a pirate. I have the flagstaff here with which he brained one of my men."

"He didn't know what they wanted of him," said the wife, running after the officer who preceded the guard, bearing the flagstaff in his hand.

"Go to the general, good woman," said the officers. "I have no discretion in the matter. I simply do my duty as a soldier."

A low moan burst from the poor woman as she turned and

gazed at her husband, who was being securely guarded between two soldiers.

"General Arnold will have him shot!" she sobbed. "He has no mercy for any one. Oh, heaven, save my husband!" and she wrung her hands in an agony of distress.

"What the matter here?" demanded the general, coming suddenly upon the escort.

The young officer saluted his general and said:

"A deserter, general."

"From this post?"

"Yes, general."

The keen black eyes of the general were fixed on the prisoner, but the gloom of the starlight prevented his face from being seen.

"Take him to the guardhouse," he said, "and make a written report to the adjutant."

"Mercy, General Arnold!" cried the prisoner's wife, darting forward and falling on her knees at his feet. "My husband is not a deserter. He did not go to the enemy. He came to me, his wife!" and she caught his hand and bathed it with her tears.

"What is your name, my good woman?" the general asked.

"I am Sarah Adderhold, and John Adderhold is my husband," replied the woman. "He fought with Putnam and Wayne, and was wounded once in battle. Surely you will not punish a brave soldier for going to his wife who was dying to see him."

"I will look into his case to-morrow," replied the general. "He has committed a very serious offense."

"But he was going to return in one more day," pleaded the anxious wife, who dreaded the anger of the taciturn, dark-featured man of war.

"We will see—we will see," he said, turning away abruptly, leaving the woman to follow after the guards who had charge of her husband. He entered the house and passed into an inner room. There he shut the door and turned to a small table on which was a lighted candle. Taking from a wallet a letter in cipher he held it close to the candle and slowly read its contents. Having read it once he read it again, and then held it to the flame of the candle till it was reduced to ashes.

Then he paced the little room several times with his hands locked behind him. He seemed in deep thought.

"Yes," he muttered in an undertone, "I'll do it. The rebellion is a failure and the leaders will die on the scaffold. Success is the test of merit. Failure in rebellion is treason, and treason is infamy. I simply save myself while I can, and receive the king's favor for so doing. I've already made myself a name as a general. Yes—I'll do it, but I need one on whom I can rely—one on whom I have a grip that will insure fidelity. Ah! This man Adderhold. I can make him my tool soul and body. He is in my power. I will use him. He must obey or be shot."

The general seemed to be afraid of his own voice, for as he raised it above a whisper he became startled, looked quickly around, as if to see if he were alone, and then closed his lips tightly.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD TORY AND HIS NIECE.

John Adderhold was a brave soldier who had served three years in the Continental army. He was tall, active, strong and courageous as a lion. His manner was frank, and at the same time pleasing. In a hand-to-hand struggle he was considered one of the best men in his command.

While the army was encamped at White Plains he made the acquaintance of Sarah Wilcher, a lovely girl of some two-and-

twenty years of age. She was a patriot heart and soul, but her uncle, in whose house she lived, was a loyalist. He desired her to wed a certain British captain, who had paid court to her. But her patriotism was of the kind that made her hate the enemies of her country. She therefore declined to wed the red-coated officer.

Of course her uncle was furious. He swore she should marry. She vowed she would die first.

It was about this time that John Adderhold met her. It was when her uncle was trying to abduct her and forcibly carry her into the enemy's lines. Adderhold was strolling along the road when the family carriage of the Wilchers came along.

Sarah saw him and sprang out of the carriage, crying:

"Help! Save me!"

Her uncle, Peter Wilcher, sprang after her, hissing through his clinched teeth:

"You impudent hussy! I'll make you suffer for this!"

John Adderhold ran up and asked:

"What's the matter?"

"None of your business, sir," returned Peter Wilcher, tightening his grasp on the arm of his niece.

"Save me, sir!" pleaded Sarah, turning her white face and tear-dimmed eyes full upon the young Continental soldier.

"Yes, of course I will," he replied. "Hands off, old man, or I'll——"

"Mind your own business, sir, or you'll get into trouble!" hissed Wilcher.

"Hands off the lady, I say!" ordered Adderhold, his eyes blazing with wrath.

A moment later he dealt the uncle a stunning blow on the ear, which sent him to grass instantaneously.

The young lady screamed and would have fallen had Adderhold not caught her in his arm and held her up.

"Calm yourself, miss," he said in a strong, manly tone of voice. "He shall not harm you while I am here."

"Oh, sir, how I thank you!" exclaimed Sarah, turning and looking the handsome young soldier full in the face.

"What was he trying to do, anyhow?" Adderhold asked.

"Oh, sir, if you knew all, you would pity me. He is my uncle, Peter Wilcher. I am Sarah Wilcher, his niece. He is a loyalist. I am a patriot, heart and soul. He swears I shall wed Captain Hammersley, of the king's army, and I vowed I wouldn't. That's all the trouble. He was trying to forcibly carry me into the British lines."

"The old scoundrel!" gasped John Adderhold. "I've a good mind to kick him to death!"

"No—no—don't hurt him any more!" pleaded Sarah. "He may not do so again."

Peter Wilcher lay on the ground a couple of minutes, wondering where all the stars that flashed before his eyes came from. Then he slowly pulled himself together and raised up on his elbow.

He heard voices. Rubbing his eyes he looked around and saw Sarah, his niece, in the arms of the young man.

Then he began to realize what had happened. He rubbed his eyes again and slowly got upon his feet. He was boiling over with rage.

"Dick!" he called hoarsely to the negro driver of the carriage, "bring me that whip."

"Yes, sah," responded the negro, promptly springing from his seat and approaching his master.

"Fly! Fly for your life!" cried Sarah, in terrified accents, to Adderhold. "He will kill you in his mad fit."

"I am an old soldier," said Adderhold. "I never run except on command of my superior officer. Just stand aside and let me teach your uncle a lesson."

He pushed her aside just as the uncle snatched the whip from the hand of the negro and rushed at him.

"You impudent scoundrel!" hoarsely gasped the irate Tory, "I'll peel your hide for you!" and with that he laid the whip over the shoulder of the young patriot soldier with all his might.

John Adderhold sprang forward on feeling himself struck and gave the Tory a blow between the eyes that laid him out at full length on the grass. Then he seized the whip and laid it on like a fury.

The Tory rolled over and over on the ground, yelling to Sarah and Dick to take him off.

Dick ran forward to his master's assistance, but Adderhold drew a pistol and ordered him to his seat on the carriage.

Dick promptly obeyed.

He knew that a bullet meant death and did not care to run against one.

Adderhold laid on the lashes, cutting the old Tory's face and neck till the blood flowed like water. Every time the old villain would attempt to get upon his feet the patriot would fell him with a merciless blow, and then lash him again.

He fairly howled with pain.

But Adderhold laid on with all his might.

"The old scoundrel!" hissed the young patriot. "You would horsewhip me, would you? Take the dose yourself. Make your niece marry a Britisher, eh! Take that for your treason to your country!"

"Mercy! Mercy!" yelled the old Tory at last. "For heaven's sake don't kill me!" and he got upon his knees and begged like a dog.

During the terrible castigation that her cruel uncle was receiving, Sarah Wilcher was running to and fro, wringing her hands and crying piteously. She did not realize what a terrible lashing her uncle was getting.

At last, when she heard her uncle beg for mercy, she stopped and looked around. He was on his knees to John Adderhold. What a spectacle!

She sprang forward and caught the young patriot's upraised arm.

"Stop!" she cried, sternly. "When a man goes down on his knees a brave man will not strike him."

"You are right," said Adderhold, throwing down the whip.

"I am yours to command. What shall I do with him?"

"Nothing. He has had enough. I am ever so grateful to you."

Peter Wilcher rose to his feet and glared at his niece.

"If you return to my house," he said, to her, "I'll set the dogs on you. You are no longer niece of mine."

"Oh!" exclaimed Adderhold, picking up the whip again. "I haven't given him half enough."

"Don't strike him another blow," said Sarah. "I don't care to return to his home. Half his property is mine. I'll appeal to General Washington to make him give it up."

"I—I—didn't mean it!" stammered the old villain, who knew that the commander-in-chief would deal very harshly with him because he was a Tory. "I was angry when I said that."

"Yes, and you will stay angry. I know you, Uncle Peter. You'll never forgive me the thrashing this gentleman gave you. I'll go to our neighbors and find a home there till you are made to give up the property my father put in your hands when he died."

"Sarah—I—won't—say another word to you. Come home and you shall never hear of this again," and the now terrified old Tory almost went down on his knees to his niece.

But Sarah was either too angry to listen to her uncle or else dared not trust herself in his power again. She shook her head and said:

"No. I'll never go back again."

"But you shall!" he exclaimed in a desperate tone of voice.

"I won't!" she retorted. "I am of age and my own mistress. If you interfere with me any further I'll go to General Washington and tell him what a rank old Tory you are."

"I think I shall do that myself," said John Adderhold. "I don't think such rank traitors as he ought to be allowed to live in this part of the country."

That shut Peter Wilcher up.

He had no more to say. Without another word he turned and walked away to his carriage, which he entered and was driven away toward his home.

Sarah stood there gazing after the carriage for several minutes—till it was out of sight. Then she buried her face in her hands and burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

John Adderhold was touched to the heart. He was not a lady's man, nor a refined, polished gentleman. But he had a big heart that could feel and sympathize.

"Miss," he said, tenderly, "I feel for you more than I can say. Tell me wherein I can serve you. Where do you wish to go?"

She continued sobbing for some time, though making strong efforts to calm herself. He waited quietly, patiently for her to speak.

At last she dried her tears.

"Pardon me, sir," she said. "I could not help it. I am calm now. You don't know how much I thank you for saving me from a fate worse than death."

"Ah, you don't know how glad I am that I was able to do what I did. Do you wish to go to one of your neighbors?"

"Yes. I will go over to Mr. Tillman's. He was a friend of my father, and I am sure he will give me a temporary home."

"You are really without a home, then?"

"Yes—without a home I can call my own. But I am sure I shall find a home with the Tillman family."

"You are sure they will not be afraid of offending your uncle?"

"Oh, yes. Henry Tillman is not afraid of any man on earth," was the maiden's reply.

"Then I will accompany you there."

The Tillmans lived about a mile from the Wilcher place. On the way thither Sarah talked freely with her protector. He was charmed with her and she with him.

When they arrived at the Tillmans', Sarah told her story to the patriot farmer and his good wife. They boiled over with honest indignation.

"By the Continental Congress!" exclaimed Henry Tillman, "I've a mind to raise the neighbors on him and treat him to a coat of tar and feathers!"

"No—no!" exclaimed Sarah. "Don't do that. If you could only see him now you would say he had been punished enough. Mr. Adderhold gave him an awful thrashing."

"Give me your hand, sir!" exclaimed Tillman, grasping Adderhold's hand and shaking it heartily. "You can count on me as one of your best friends from this time forth."

When Adderhold left the farmhouse of Henry Tillman that evening he had gained Sarah's permission to call on her whenever his duties in camp would permit his doing so. He found many opportunities and never failed to avail himself of them.

The thrashing Peter Wilcher had received laid him up for a fortnight, after which time he prepared to pay his niece a visit at the Tillmans'. Sarah would have nothing to do with him, though he pleaded eloquently with her to return to his house.

At last he threatened to have her seized and carried back by main force.

That evening she informed John Adderhold of what her uncle had said.

He was furious.

"I'll tie him up and horsewhip him to death!" he said.

"No; don't touch him," pleaded Sarah. "Just tell him you will do so if he dares to trouble me any more. That would be sufficient, I think," and she laid her nut-brown hand on his arm as she spoke.

"Sarah," he said, "I love you. Give me this hand with your heart, and then I can have the right to protect you. Will you be my wife, Sarah?"

"Yes, John, for I have loved you from the day we first met." He snatched her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

She was as happy as he and returned his caress as her heart dictated.

The Tillmans favored her choice, and the next day a minister was sent for, who quietly married them in the presence of the Tillman family.

An hour after the ceremony was performed John Adderhold wrote a note to Peter Wilcher informing him of the marriage and demanding an accounting of Sarah's property in his hands.

The old Tory swore like a pirate and tore his hair like a lunatic.

Before he could get things in shape to render an account the movements of the army took Adderhold away from White Plains. But Sarah remained with the Tillmans, who promised Adderhold to keep her till the war ended if it lasted twenty years.

But the red tide of war shifted from one side to the other. The British swept over White Plains and Peter Wilcher was master of the situation. He persecuted Sarah unmercifully, but being already married, Captain Hammersley paid no further court to her.

The Tillmans' home was finally destroyed one dark night, and the family barely escaped being burned to death. It was believed that Peter Wilcher instigated the fire, but no proof of that could be found. Sarah was forced to seek a home elsewhere.

But it was not an easy thing to do, now that the old Tory was all-powerful with the British commander of the post. His neighbors feared to incur his ill-will by harboring her, and so she went from house to house begging shelter.

By some means John Adderhold, who was stationed at West Point, got news of how his wife was being treated by her cruel uncle. He swore to kill the old Tory, and at once sought to obtain leave of absence for a week. His application was refused.

In a fit of desperation he went off on a dark night without leave and made his way to White Plains.

By means of a well-arranged disguise he penetrated the enemy's lines, found his wife and prepared to take her away with him. While she was getting ready to go with him he paid Peter Wilcher a visit. He met him near his house and made himself known to him.

"I have come to kill you!" he hissed.

But the terrified old Tory uttered a yell and fled so precipitately that the patriot was not able to touch him. On the other hand, he had to fly to escape capture by the British.

Two days later he and Sarah were approaching West Point, when he was arrested as a deserter, and carried into camp bound like a felon, with Sarah pleading piteously for his release.

CHAPTER III.

ARNOLD AND THE DESERTER.

The next morning after John Adderhold's arrest as a deserter, General Arnold entered the guardhouse, a rude structure built of logs for the purpose for which it was being used.

He knew the general well by sight and saluted him as he came in.

The general gave him a sharp, searching glance, as if he fain would read his very thoughts. Adderhold looked him straight in the face.

"Your name is Adderhold, is it?" the general asked.

"Yes, general, that's my name."

"And you have disgraced it."

"No, general. I did not desert. A man owes a duty to his family as well as to his country. I applied for leave of absence and was refused. My wife was burned out of a home by the Tories. I went and brought her away, and came back. Was that desertion?"

"Yes; rank desertion, for which men have been shot for a thousand years," was the reply.

John Adderhold staggered back against the wall as if stricken a terrible blow. In his heart he knew he was true to his country, and that he had not intended any wrong whatever. The words of the general cut him like a knife.

The general glared at him as if to crush him by his scowl.

"Desertion is desertion," he said, "let the motive be what it may. You left your post and was gone five days. You will be shot as a deserter as sure as the court-martial sits on your case. What possessed you to do such a thing?"

John told him his story.

The general appeared interested.

"Your motive was a good one," he said, after a pause. "But court-martials never look at one's motives. Action is everything. You deserted, was captured and returned under guard. Shoot him. That's the way deserters are treated."

John heaved a heavy sigh.

"My poor Sarah," he murmured. "It will kill her."

"I will see you again," said the general, turning and leaving the guard room very abruptly, as if moved by some sudden impulse.

John Adderhold wondered why the general had visited him in the guard room, when the sentinel put his head in at the door and said:

"I fear it will go hard with you, John."

"Yes—the general says I will be shot," replied John.

An hour later, Sarah sought the presence of the general to ask permission to see her husband.

Arnold did not refuse her. He wrote an order for her, saying:

"Don't fill his mind with hopes that can never be realized. There is little mercy in military law."

Sarah could not speak. She dared not trust her voice. She wanted to see him who was about to die for love of her.

She flew to the guardhouse, presented the order given her by the general, and in another moment was caught to the heart of her brave husband. Then she gave way to her grief and sank down helpless in his arms.

The interview was a painful one. But he was as calm as she had ever seen him. His calmness served, in a measure, to sustain her for a time. She had found shelter with a poor family near the post, and there she was to stay till all was over.

At last the time came when she had to leave him. She clung to him.

"Tell me, John," she pleaded. "Have you no hope that the general will pardon you?"

"No. General Arnold is not a soft-hearted man. No one but the commander-in-chief can save me."

"Ah! I will go to him! I have heard that he was as tender and gentle as a child. He cannot refuse my prayer. Oh, I'll go down on my knees to him."

John consented that she should go to headquarters some-

where on the west side of the river, and see the commander-in-chief. She lost no time. Kissing him good-by, she hastened away, and in less than an hour was ready for the perilous journey. But love sustained her and she never faltered once.

That night General Arnold again visited the guardhouse and said to the guard:

"Allow no one to approach the guardhouse. I don't wish to be disturbed."

Then he stepped inside and looked at the prisoner. Adderhold saluted him like a dutiful soldier, and the general acknowledged the salute.

"I have come to speak with you, Adderhold. Your wife came to me to-day and corroborated your story in every particular. I have hunted up some of your comrades, and they all give you a good record."

"I have always tried to do my duty, general," said John.

"Yes, but you made a fatal mistake in leaving your post as you did. Now I want to save you, Adderhold, and can do it only in one way. That is to transfer you to my household and be responsible for you in the future."

Adderhold was almost overcome with joy at his words.

"General," he said, "you can make me your slave for life."

"That's just what I want, John Adderhold. There is not a man near me in whom I can place implicit faith. I want a man who will blindly do my bidding without even questioning in his mind why I do so and so. A general must keep his plans to himself if he would succeed. If you can swear to blindly do my bidding, even at the risk of your life, asking no questions, but believing in me always, I can and will save you."

"Yes, general, I swear to be faithful even unto death."

"Then rest easy. There shall be no court-martial. Where is your wife?"

"She has gone to see General Washington in my behalf," replied the prisoner.

Arnold started as if stung.

"That won't do," he said. "How long has she been gone?"

"An hour or more."

"She must be brought back. If the general hears of your case you would have to stand trial. That would take you out of my hands. Write a note, telling her to return here at once and see me."

John wrote the note and Arnold took it away with him. A messenger mounted on a fleet horse was sent after her. That evening she returned to weep tears of joy over the situation as she found it.

A day or two later General Arnold pretended to have investigated the charges against John Adderhold, and said that there was no intention to desert—that a court-martial was unnecessary, and therefore would not order one. He decided to give the prisoner a severe reprimand and send him back to his post.

Of course the officers opened their eyes in amazement, but not one uttered a word in condemnation of the act of the commandant of the post. They were too well disciplined to do that.

A few days later John Adderhold was released and sent back to his command. But a week later he was detailed to go to headquarters, to remain there till further orders.

Sarah, his wife, remained at the house of the patriotic widow where her gallant husband managed to see her several times a week. Both she and John were so grateful to Arnold for interfering to save the latter that they would almost have bartered their souls for him.

Shortly after John Adderhold's transfer to headquarters Arnold sent him secretly down the river to meet a man from below.

"He is a British officer, John," said the general, "in deep

disguise. I am laying a trap to capture part, if not the whole, British army. It is necessary for me to do something to astonish our people and overwhelm the enemy. This is what I am going to do, for my own sake as well as the cause we are fighting for. Do you understand me, John?"

"Yes, general."

"I am glad you do. You can appreciate my situation. Keep your own counsel and see the man who will answer to the name I have given you in that package. When the time comes the enemy will march into a trap from which he cannot escape, and my name will be as much praised by our people as that of Washington."

"Ah, general, they don't know you as well as I do," said the patriot, ever grateful for what the general had done for him.

"They will not until this great blow is struck. In a few weeks all the world will have heard the name of Benedict Arnold."

"I hope so," said Adderhold, saluting the general as he turned away to obey his orders.

These negotiations continued for some time, Adderhold making constant trips down the river to meet mysterious personages, carrying packages of written matter and bringing others in return. Several times he introduced a man into the lines, providing him with the password and countersign.

The unknown individual held several secret conferences with Arnold. After the last one, Adderhold conducted him down the river a good distance, and there left him.

Soon after leaving the mysterious stranger Adderhold recrossed the river and made his way up on the west side. Down near Tarrytown the stranger was halted by three patriots who were playing a game of cards under the shade of the trees by the roadside. They proceeded to search him. He tried to bribe them to let him proceed on his way unmolested. That excited their suspicion still more. They escorted him to the nearest military post and delivered him up to the officer in command. That officer permitted him to write a letter to Arnold at West Point and send it by messenger.

The prisoner was Major Andre, of the British army, who had been sent by Sir Henry Clinton to negotiate the treason of Benedict Arnold.

When the messenger arrived with Andre's letter, John Adderhold was with Arnold. They were whispering about another trip, soon to be made. The letter was opened, and as the arch traitor read it, he turned ashen-hued in the face, and trembled like a leaf in the wind.

He arose and reeled across the room, striking his forehead with his left hand, gasping in despairing tones:

"All is lost! I must fly! To the foot of the cliff, John!"

John Adderhold waited for no further orders. He hurried down to the foot of the cliff, and there waited for the coming of his chief. He did not wait long. Arnold came rushing down to the water's edge, pale as a sheet, and almost breathless.

"Where is the boat, John?" he hurriedly asked.

"I don't know, general. It must have been taken by some fishermen."

"If so, they should be shot!" hissed the general. "Where can we get one? We must go down the river."

"The Vulture lies below, general," said John. "You would be captured."

"No—no—it's to escape that I go. Come on!" and he led the way down the river, followed by Adderhold. The latter kept wondering why the general should fly.

At last they arrived opposite the British sloop of war Vulture, which was lying in the middle of the river. A boat was tied up at the bank. Arnold sprang into it and ordered the men in it to row him out to the sloop.

Adderhold was dumfounded.

He saw at once that Arnold was a traitor, and had been

using him in furthering his treason. His soul burned with honest indignation. Shaking his fist at the traitor in the fast receding boat, he cried out:

"Benedict Arnold, you are a traitor; you have nearly made me one, too. By the heaven above us, I swear to hunt you down, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, and avenge my country. I'll be your Shadow and Nemesis!"

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN ADDERHOLD TELLS WASHINGTON OF ARNOLD'S TREASON.

The boat bearing the arch traitor pushed off rapidly toward the British sloop in the middle of the river. Arnold looked back once, uneasily, as if he feared some patriot on shore would send a bullet through him.

He heard the threatening words of John Adderhold, for they rang in his ears, but made no reply. He was still very pale, and evidently excited. Yet he made no response to any one on the way out to the sloop. John Adderhold stood there on the river bank like one in a dream. He really could not believe he was not dreaming till he saw Arnold climb up the side of the sloop and stand on her deck. He saw the red uniforms of Britons as they crowded about him.

"A traitor, by all the gods!" exclaimed John Adderhold, "and he made me an accomplice in his treason! Ah, that's why he saved me from a court-martial, that my gratitude might give him the greater control over me. I would rather have died as a deserter than have betrayed my suffering country. Oh, heaven, there he is now, surrounded by the British officers—men who used to tremble at his name on the battlefield! It cannot be possible! General Arnold, the brave, dashing, reckless soldier, a traitor to his country. But there he is—standing on board that British vessel. Ah, he looks this way; he points toward me! An officer raises his glass and looks at me. Ah, a man raises a musket and aims at me. Good heavens!"

A white puff of smoke suddenly issued from the muzzle of the musket and a moment or two later a bullet whistled within an inch or two of Adderhold's head.

"Ah, that was done by your direction, Benedict Arnold!" muttered Adderhold, still standing in his tracks. "It cancels the last semblance of obligation that remained in my heart toward you. I am no longer restrained in my vengeance. If I am not hanged for participation in your treason, I swear to follow you to the ends of the earth and punish you—to avenge my country!"

Another musket was fired at him from the sloop. The distance was too great and the bullet went wide of its mark.

"It's no use standing here as a target for them to shoot at," said Adderhold. "If I had a good rifle I'd follow that sloop all the way down to New York, but what I'd get a shot at the traitor. I haven't got one, so I'll go back and give myself up and tell all I know about it. They may shoot or hang me, but I have been true to my country all the way through."

He made his way back toward headquarters. On the way he met his wife, whose white face showed that something had occurred to disturb her.

"Oh, John!" she cried, running into his arms, "what's all this I hear? They say that General Arnold is a traitor!"

"Yes, Sarah, it is too true," said John. "I called him a traitor to his face when I saw him making off to the British sloop in the river below."

"You did!"

"Yes. And when he was safe on board the vessel he ordered one of the marines to shoot me down. Had the marine been a

good marksman, you would have been a widow by this time, for two bullets came unpleasantly close to my head."

Sarah shuddered with horror. What would she do without her brave husband?

"There is great excitement in the garrison," she said, "and the men think you have run away with him."

"Do they? Then they shall see that I am still true to my country."

"I told them no truer soldier than John Adderhold ever followed Washington," said his wife.

"And you told them the truth, Sarah," said John, pressing her to his heart. "But you know how faithfully I have been serving the general?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, that is enough to excite suspicion toward me, and you need not be surprised if they arrest me as soon as I get back to the garrison."

Again did Sarah shudder.

She had a horror of the stern mercilessness of military law and discipline.

A party of soldiers came toward him.

"Here he is!" cried one, and they all made a rush toward him.

"Where is the traitor?" cried one.

"Who?" asked John.

"Arnold—the traitor. Where is he?"

"On board yonder British vessel," and John turned and pointed at the sloop in the hazy distance down the river.

"On board the British vessel! Then he is indeed a traitor!"

"Yes," said Adderhold, "a double-dyed traitor. I obeyed him in everything till he ordered me into the boat with him. Then I suspected treason and refused to obey. He went without me, and I called him a traitor to his face. He ordered one of the marines to shoot me. He fired twice, but missed his aim."

The soldiers were dumfounded at the story and crowded around John and overwhelmed him with questions. He was busy telling all he knew, when an officer came up and ordered him under arrest.

He was taken to headquarters and questioned closely. He told a straight story. But such was the gravity of the situation that he was placed under a strong guard and messengers bearing dispatches sent off in quest of the commander-in-chief.

As soon as he received the news Washington hastened to West Point to make sure of the safety of the post. He saw the traitor's wife, who was heartbroken over the fall and disgrace of her brave husband. She married him when his name was among the brightest of the patriot generals. Her people resided in Philadelphia, and she expressed a desire to be allowed to return to them. Of course she was entirely ignorant of her husband's plans, and the great leader believed her. He exonerated her from all blame in the matter, and provided her the means with which to return to her people.

But when he heard that John Adderhold was under guard as an accomplice of the great traitor, he ordered him to be brought to him.

"General Washington wishes to see you," said the officer who came with the guard to escort him into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

"I am glad of that," said John, "for I am sure he will understand my position."

General Washington asked him to tell him all he knew, and he did so.

The great leader followed him closely all through his story.

"How many different persons did you deliver dispatches to from him?" Washington asked, when he had finished his story.

"Two only."

"Do you think you would know them again?"

"I think I would."

"Describe them, if you please."

He did so; and described Major Andre exactly as he appeared in disguise.

Washington had not yet seen the famous British spy. But he was satisfied that John Adderhold was innocent of any knowledge of Arnold's designs, and so ordered him to be released.

Sarah, his wife, was a brave, courageous woman. She was so intensely patriotic that she was willing to enter the ranks and march by the side of her husband. But, of course, she would not be permitted to do that.

"Sarah," said John to her one day, after he had seen Andre and identified him as the man he had piloted through the patriot lines to Arnold's house, "I am going to follow Benedict Arnold."

"Follow him!" she gasped, "turn traitor as he did?"

"No. I am going to follow him to New York and kill or capture him."

Sarah turned deathly pale at his words.

"That's a perilous undertaking, John," she said, trying to appear calm.

"Yes, but not more so than being in a battle. A soldier's life is always peril when confronting the enemy. I swore to follow and shadow him and I must do it."

Two days later he had his disguise completed, and under cover of darkness slipped away from West Point.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAITOR IN THE BRITISH CAMP.

On reaching the British sloop, the Vulture, Benedict Arnold asked for the commander. The officer came forward.

"I am General Arnold, of the Continental army," said the traitor, looking the British officer full in the face.

"I am happy to meet you, general," said the captain, making a profound bow. "This visit is quite unexpected to me."

"As it is to me also. Circumstances require that I should reach Sir Henry Clinton's headquarters with as little delay as possible. Tremendous events are rapidly occurring. Major Andre is a prisoner in Washington's hands. His safety depends on the length of time it will take me to reach Sir Henry."

"Then we shall lose no time in taking you there," said the captain, who at once ordered the anchor to be raised.

"Do you see yonder man on the river bank?" Arnold asked, pointing to John Adderhold, who was still standing where the traitor had left him.

"Yes—I see a man who seems to be a private of your army," said the captain.

"That's what he is," remarked Arnold. "But the cause of the King demands that he be not allowed to go back alive. Have you a man on board who can bring him down?"

"Yes, I think I have if the distance is not too great for the weapon. Send Nicholson here, Mr. Tate."

Nicholson came, was ordered to fire on Adderhold, which he did, but missed him. Then the captain took Arnold into his cabin.

There Arnold told why he had to take such precipitate leave of his post.

"The main object is lost to the King—the possession of West Point—but I shall try to make my services compensate him for the loss," and the traitor swallowed a half glass of rum which the captain had set before him.

"But the King loses Major Andre," remarked the captain, "one of the most popular officers in the British army."

"Yes; but the King can afford to make the exchange," was the cool, unblushing reply.

The captain shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman and made no other reply.

The traitor flushed up to the roots of his hair and bit his lips in silence. He had received the first installment of contempt that was to henceforth fall upon him from every quarter.

The sloop made its way down the river, bearing the great traitor to his destination.

At last, to his infinite relief, the Vulture reached the city. The distinguished passenger landed under escort and repaired direct to the headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton. The British commander-in-chief received him cordially. They had never met before, and they looked at each other in silence for the space of two minutes ere either spoke.

"General," said Sir Henry, breaking the silence, "I welcome you to the King's standard. We ought to know how to appreciate your skill as a military man."

"Thanks, Sir Henry," replied Arnold; "I come to tender my sword to His Majesty, regretting that an unfortunate discovery of our plans prevents my delivering the post of West Point to your command."

"I accept your sword in the name of His Majesty, King George III., said Sir Henry.

"The capture of Major Andre is to be regretted," remarked Arnold. "I owe my escape solely to his sagacity."

"He was one of the most accomplished officers in the King's army," said Sir Henry; "and I shall spare no pains to secure his exchange."

Arnold was introduced to the British officers, many of whom had suffered terribly at his hands on the battlefields. They crowded around him, curious to see the man who had dealt them such terrible blows, and afterward sold himself for gold and rank in the British army.

Their curiosity gratified, contempt for the traitor crept in; and the keen, wily warrior could not help understanding the expressions he saw in the faces of those around him.

Anxious to save Major Andre's life, Sir Henry Clinton sought, by every means in his power, to do so. He offered to exchange any number of patriot prisoners for him, but Washington simply said:

"Return Benedict Arnold and you may have Andre."

Sir Henry would not do that, however much he may have desired to do so, and so the gallant Andre, who was really an accomplished, scholarly soldier, was hanged as a spy. His death cast a gloom over the entire British army. On the day he was executed Arnold kept indoors, wrapped in gloom and torn by remorse.

Late in the afternoon, just as the sun was sinking out of sight behind the Jersey hills, he crept out of his quarters and strolled down toward the river.

By and by the scene became monotonous. He could not shake off the remembrance of the terrible tragedy enacted up the river near Tarrytown that day. Major Andre had paid the penalty of his base attempt to rob a people of their liberty through treachery and treason. Arnold's name would go down in history linked with his, and what his fate would be was yet a dark mystery to him.

Thus soliloquizing, he walked to the edge of the wood and stopped, and turned his face toward the river. The stars had begun to peep out.

Suddenly a feeling that he was not alone shot through his heart. He wheeled around and found himself face to face with a cloaked figure.

Benedict Arnold probably never knew what real fear was till that moment.

"We meet again, Benedict Arnold—traitor!" said the cloaked

figure. It was indeed Arnold's dupe, who had succeeded in following the traitor and finally catching up with him in the city.

"John Adderhold!" gasped the traitor, recognizing the voice of the man.

"Yes, your dupe, traitor!" hissed Adderhold. "I have followed you like a shadow to be your Nemesis and avenge my country."

"That means fight!" exclaimed Arnold, grasping the hilt of his sword.

Quick as a flash the cloak was thrown back and a bright dagger gleamed in the right hand of the patriot.

"Draw an inch of blade from that scabbard and you are a dead man!" hissed Adderhold, advancing upon him.

Arnold was too good a soldier not to understand the situation. He saw that it was death not to draw, and so the sword flashed in the air in an instant.

Adderhold sprang forward and caught his sword arm to prevent him from using it. The struggle then became a desperate hand-to-hand fight. Adderhold tried to use his dagger, but at one time his cloak got in his way and prevented him, and another Arnold caught him by the wrist and held him.

The sword could not be used at such close quarters; the dagger was held off by Arnold's grip on Adderhold's wrist. Thus they struggled, squirmed and twisted.

"Traitor!" hissed Adderhold through his clenched teeth. "I'll slay you or die!"

Arnold made no reply.

He struggled desperately to throw the patriot off, so as to get him at his sword's point and run him through.

Suddenly he threw him from him.

But his sword fell from his grasp at the same time.

"Ah, I have you now, traitor!" hissed Adderhold, making a dash at him.

To the young patriot's utter amazement, Arnold turned and fled—fled like a deer—toward the river.

Away went the great traitor. After him fled Adderhold, like an avenging Nemesis, his cloak flying behind him at right angles with his body.

"Traitor that you are," hissed the patriot, "you shall not escape me!"

Arnold fled to the river and plunged boldly in, a thing his Nemesis did not expect, and struck out for the ship in the middle of the stream.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAITOR AND THE YOUNG BRITISH OFFICER.

In the gathering twilight Adderhold saw that the traitor had successfully eluded him. He saw him swimming boldly out toward a boat, which was coming toward him.

"Perdition!" he hissed; "he has escaped me again! I shall have to run for it!"

And he turned and ran toward the woods, in which he hoped to find shelter and effective concealment. He knew the warlike and vindictive spirit of Benedict Arnold too well to hope there would be no pursuit.

He was not mistaken.

"What's the trouble?" asked a young British officer in charge of the boat.

"Matter enough!" was the reply. "I was attacked by a rebel spy in the edge of the woods out there and had to fly for my life."

"How do you know he was a spy?" the young officer asked.

"Because I knew him personally. He was in my command at West Point."

The young officer looked at him in no little surprise and asked:

"Will you be so kind as to tell me who you are?"

"Yes. I am General Arnold, of His Majesty's army," was the cool reply.

"Ah! Then you ought to know that he was a spy. What would you have me do, general? I am at your service."

"Thanks. Can you land your men for a half hour or so?"

"Yes, if necessary."

"Then do so. I think we can find him in the woods, or force him out, so as to make his capture more sure."

"Pull for the shore, men," said the young officer, and the next moment the boat was making for the shore.

The men turned and gazed at the man of whom they had heard so much, regretting that the gathering darkness prevented them from getting a better view of his face.

"This is the place," said the traitor, springing ashore. "He ran back into the woods. Let your men go in twos and threes and search every tree and clump of bushes. If you can't take him alive, kill him. I'll give one hundred pounds reward for him, dead or alive."

That waked up the marines.

They sprang forward in the eager hope of earning the reward. In those days that amount of money was considered a small fortune.

But they searched in vain. Adderhold could not be found.

The traitor turned and walked away from the woods, leaving the young officer and his men to pursue their way back to their ship at their leisure.

Arnold was never a coward.

He well knew that John Adderhold was in the British lines seeking his life. He knew, too, that Adderhold was as brave as himself, and that a meeting would result in the death of one or both. That Adderhold would stab him in the back in a cowardly manner he did not believe, for he had seen enough of the patriot to form a pretty correct idea as to his character.

"He can't escape me," he muttered to himself as he wended his way back to the settled part of the city. "I'll have the pickets and guards doubled at once and a rigid search of the whole city made in the morning. If I get him in my power I'll have him hung in short order. The ungrateful wretch! Of all men in the American army he should be the last one to raise his hand against me."

"And why should he not, traitor?" asked a voice at his side, which he instantly recognized as that of John Adderhold, the patriot.

Such was the start it gave him that he sprang forward as if stung by a hornet, and then wheeled, sword in hand, to face his foe.

But instead of John Adderhold, the avenging patriot, he found himself face to face with a stalwart British soldier, who seemed somewhat astonished at his hurried actions.

The two men glared at each other in a surprised sort of way, the soldier stepping back one or two paces, as if to avoid the sword in the hand of the general.

"Did you speak?" Arnold asked.

"Yes, traitor, I did," was the reply. "We have met again."

There was no mistaking that voice.

It was the voice of John Adderhold, notwithstanding that he wore the uniform of a British soldier.

Arnold saw that he must fight, and so he made a lunge at him with his sword. Adderhold parried with a stout stick and boldly forced the fight.

"Miserable, cowardly traitor!" hissed the patriot. "I shall follow you till I lay you at my feet! You sought to make a traitor of me—Ah! you got a touch of my cudgel, did you? I would carry a sword, but such as you are not worthy to die by

the sword. I shall club you to death, or cut your throat as I would a dog's."

Arnold said not a word during the time. He knew that the patriot was wary, supple and brave.

Swish! Clash!

The sword and cudgel met several times in the air.

Suddenly a dexterous blow of the cudgel broke the sword in two within a couple of inches of the guard, and the steel rang as it fell on the ground between them.

"Ah, I have you now, traitor!" hissed the patriot, pushing forward to brain him with his cudgel.

A muttered curse burst from the traitor's lips. He hurled the sword handle full at the patriot's head and turned and fled toward the heart of the city as fast as his heels could carry him.

Adderhold received the heavy handle of the sword square on the forehead. It stunned him for a moment or two, and he staggered backward. He came near falling. Ere he rallied from the blow the traitor had made his escape.

"Escaped me again!" exclaimed the patriot, in an undertone. "Does the traitor bear a charmed life? I thought I had him safe this time, as fortune seemed to favor me. I shall have to be very careful now and get rid of this uniform."

The young patriot, on running back into the woods after chasing the traitor to the water's edge, pushed forward as fast as possible, knowing that Arnold would institute a search as soon as he could get back on shore.

He intended to make his way to the house of his friend, Meyer, and stay indoors till morning. But on the way he met a British soldier carrying something heavy in his arms.

They met in an open space, when they were able to see each other.

"What are you doing here?" the Briton roughly queried.

"I am on my way back home," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, save me!" cried a girlish voice, and the next moment Adderhold saw the bundle in the arms of the redcoat struggling desperately.

"Be still, blast you!" hissed the soldier.

"Ah! What's the matter?" Adderhold asked. "Have you a girl there?"

"Go about your business!" the redcoat hissed, "or it may be the worse for you."

"Save me! Save me!" cried the girlish voice again, and the violent struggle was renewed.

John Adderhold sprang forward to the Briton's side and exclaimed:

"Release that girl!"

The redcoat, under the impression that the patriot was about to attack him, dropped his burden to the ground and made a spring at our hero.

Adderhold clinched with him.

But the struggle was short and decisive. The patriot clutched the Briton's throat with a grasp that shut off every particle of breath.

He grew weaker and weaker, and at the end of two minutes sank down on the ground, no longer able to struggle.

"One more enemy to Liberty gone," muttered the young hero, releasing his hold and rising to his feet.

"Thank heaven!" fervently exclaimed the young girl.

"For what?" he asked.

"That you are a patriot," she replied.

"You are one, then?"

"Yes, in heart and soul. That man has persecuted me for months, trying to persuade me to marry him. But I did not love him. I love my country too well to think of marrying a British soldier. He still persecuted me—threatened dire vengeance if I did not wed him. I complained to the officers of his regiment and was laughed at. This evening he met me in

the edge of the woods as I was returning home from a visit to my aunt. He seized me and swore I should be his, and ran through the woods with me. You have saved me from a fate worse than death itself."

"I am glad I was near," said the young patriot. "He can never trouble you again. He is dead. Just step back into the bushes there a few moments, please. I am going to put on his uniform as a means of concealment."

She obeyed, and in a few minutes John Adderhold was dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British soldier, while he still retained his own clothes.

Then he joined the young girl whom he had so opportunely rescued.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESCUE OF THE MAIDEN.

The young girl waited for him with commendable patience and knew his voice when he joined her.

"Oh, take me home, please," she pleaded, as she clasped her hands before him.

"Yes, of course. Where do you live?"

"On Pearl Street. My father keeps the 'King's Ale Tavern.' My name is Polly Watson."

"That's a pretty name," said John Adderhold. "But is your father a patriot as well as yourself?"

"Yes, but he never lets any one know it. The King's soldiers would ruin him if they suspected his loyalty."

"So they would—so they would."

"They all think he is a King's man, because of the name of the house. But that has been the name of the place these twenty years."

"Yes, I know. Who was the man who had you when I met you?"

"His name was George Holmes. He belonged to the Highland regiment of the King's army. I would die an old maid before I would marry an enemy of my country."

"That's right. I hope to see you again, Polly, when the war ends."

"Oh, you must let me see you before then," she said. "I want my father to thank you, and——"

"Polly, you say I have saved your life, do you?" he asked.

"Yes—yes—more than life," she said.

"Then let me ask you not to endanger my life."

"Why, how can I do that?"

"If you let your father know what has happened in this wood to-night you might cause my capture."

"Then I won't say a word," she said. "Ah, I think I understand you now. You belong to Washington's army. You would meet with Andre's fate if caught. I'll guard the secret with my life. Polly Watson can keep a secret as well as any man that ever lived. Who are you?"

"My name is John Holt."

"Oh, I'll never forget your name, Mr. Holt. There now, we are out of the woods. I can go home alone. Will you come to the 'King's Ale' and see me?"

"Yes, if I can. But you will not know me," he said, in a low tone of voice.

"In disguise? Then you must make yourself known to me. I shall be so glad to see you. Call for a mug of ale. I will know your voice."

"Are you sure of that, Polly?"

"Yes. Do you think I could forget the voice of one who has done for me what you have to-night? No. I should know it ten years hence."

"We will see. I shall—— Hush-sh! Somebody is coming!"

They walked slowly arm in arm, having passed out of the woods and entered the road, or street, that reached out that far from the city. In a moment they were overtaken by a man, who walked briskly by, talking moodily to himself.

Polly noticed that her companion started as he saw the man pass. She was on the point of remarking it when the patriot took her hand in his, squeezed it a moment, and whispered:

"Hide yourself near that corner, and wait till I speak to that man."

He did not wait to hear what she had to say about it, but rushed off on tiptoe to overtake the man.

The stranger was Benedict Arnold, on his way back to his quarters in the heart of the city.

The reader has seen the result of the meeting, how Arnold's sword was broken and how he hurled the sword-hilt at the head of the young patriot, and then took to his heels.

Polly Watson had heard the fiery words of denunciation which her defender hurled at the traitor, and she was shrewd enough to interpret them correctly. She had never seen Benedict Arnold to know him. But she now divined that he and the stranger were one and the same, and that "Holt" was a pursuing Nemesis from the ranks of the indignant patriots.

She joined him after Arnold fled, and asked in hurried tones:

"Are you hurt?"

"I—I—fear I am," said the patriot, wiping the blood from his face, which trickled down from the wound on his forehead where the sword-hilt had struck him.

"Why, your face is covered with blood!" she exclaimed. "He had a sword—did he cut you?"

"His sword was broken off at the hilt. It was the hilt that struck me on the head, so I can't be hurt much."

"You must not be seen here with all this blood on you," she said. "Ah, I know where there is a pool of water over there among the rocks. I've played there often when a little girl. Come with me. You can bathe your wound there and wash away the blood stains."

"Yes—lead the way. You are worth your weight in gold, Polly Watson."

He followed her off to the left along a little path with which she was very familiar. In a few minutes they came to a little pool of water among the rocks.

"Here it is," she said. "Sit down on this rock here and I'll bathe your wound with my handkerchief," and she stooped and dipped her handkerchief in the water as she spoke.

He resigned himself to her care and in a few minutes nearly every trace of blood stains was removed.

"Ah," he said, feeling the wound on the upper part of his forehead, just at the root of the hair of his head, "it is but a slight cut, which bled well—that's all. The cold water will stop the bleeding."

She kept bathing his head for him till the bleeding stopped, which did not take very long, and then he said:

"Now I must pull off this accursed uniform," and he arose to do so, while Polly retreated behind the rocks to wait for him.

In a few minutes he was in his first disguise, looking no more like a British soldier than the girl herself did.

"I guess they wouldn't pass me for a redcoat now," he remarked, as he rejoined her.

"No, and I like you better without the red coat. I hate the very color," said Polly.

"Ah, what a terrible little rebel you are!" he said, laughing, as he tendered her his arm. "It's a wonder Sir Henry has not taken you in hand for your treasonable sentiments."

"Oh, I am very much like my father. I don't speak my sentiments on all occasions."

"Sensible. I want to see you by daylight, Polly. I've an idea that you are as pretty as prudent."

Polly blushed rosy, but the shadows of the night concealed the fact from the stalwart young patriot.

"Now, Polly, do you think you could conceal me in the 'King's Ale' for a few days, so the King's men could not find me?"

"Yes," she said, quickly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I know I can. We have a secret room in the garret, which the soldiers could not find even if they searched the house. It's not a large room, but you could be comfortable there."

"Lord, what luck!" said John. "It's just the place I am in need of. Can you get me into the house without exciting suspicion?"

"Yes; you can come around to the rear of the house and wait at the gate there till I come for you."

"Ah, you have done more for me and the cause of our country than I can ever hope to do myself."

"Oh, no. I am glad to get a chance to do something for one of Washington's soldiers. This is Pearl Street now. Just step back a dozen paces and let me go on alone. Then I will not be suspected, you see."

He did as she suggested, and followed her down Pearl Street at a respectful distance. They passed a number of British soldiers on the way, some of whom had pleasant compliments for the fair maiden. But she took no notice of them, seeming not to hear them.

When they reached the "King's Ale Tavern" she entered without even looking back to see if he had followed her directions. She knew that he would, and she was not troubled on that score.

Our hero remembered her words, "Wait at the gate till I come for you," and made his way around to the rear of the lot on which the quaint old tavern stood, and took up a position against the fence to wait till she should come after him.

When Polly entered the tavern there were a dozen or so red-coats sitting around a table drinking ale.

"Ah, here's the pretty Mistress Polly come at last," said a big, red-coated corporal who had been drinking ale all the evening. "Mistress Polly, please look at my mug with both your blue eyes," and he held his mug up for her to look at.

"I was detained," she said in low tones. "Don't ask me any more about it now."

Polly busied herself in the tap-room for a while longer and then went out into the private rooms of the tavern.

The cook was a colored woman who never went upstairs once a month and consequently was ignorant of everything going on outside of the kitchen.

In the private rooms in the rear of the tap-room Polly went in search of a key, which she knew was in her father's trunk somewhere. She found it after a patient search, and then hastened upstairs to the garret. There she unlocked a door which opened into an unoccupied room. Beyond that was a plain wooden wall. Touching a knot in the woodwork of the wall, a door flew open, revealing a small neatly carpeted room beyond.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE "KING'S ALE TAVERN."

Polly stepped inside the room and looked around. There was a small table, one chair and a cot. A pitcher, basin and drinking cup completed the furniture of the room.

"This will do," she said. "It has not been occupied for two years or more, and smells musty. But he won't mind that. I'll get out now and run down to the back gate."

She lost no time in getting downstairs, though she went so softly that no one heard her.

Watching her opportunity, she slipped out of the rear of the house, going through the kitchen when the colored cook was out, and ran down to the gate.

Opening it softly, she put her head outside and peered into the darkness beyond.

"Is that you, Polly?" a voice asked.

"Yes; come quickly," she answered.

He joined her, passing through the gate and closing it after him.

Then she took his hand in hers and said softly:

"Make no noise, but follow me without a word."

She led the way through the kitchen into the main part of the house, to the foot of the first flight of stairs. There she stopped a few moments to listen. Then, as if satisfied, she proceeded to climb the stairs.

On reaching the door of the room to which she had applied a key for the first time in two years, she whispered:

"You will be safe enough in here."

"But I can see this door very plainly," he said.

"Yes, but this is not your hiding place," and the door opened. "Your hiding place is in the next room."

"But where is the next room? I don't see any door."

"Of course you don't. Press your finger against that knot up there."

He did so and he was astonished at seeing a portion of the wall swing back like a door, revealing a pretty little room beyond.

"Ah! This is the snuggest retreat I ever heard of. What good fortune has fallen to my lot," and he stepped inside and inspected the room.

"Do you see that knot up there?" she asked, pointing to a knot similar to the one on the other side.

"Yes."

"Press that with your thumb whenever you wish to open the door."

He tried the experiment and the door noiselessly opened.

"I'll go down and yet your supper now."

And she turned and left the room ere he could say another word.

At the end of a half hour she returned, bringing a small pitcher of ale, some bread and cheese and three hard-boiled eggs.

She passed out without waiting to hear his many thanks, and he was left alone.

He ate his supper, blew out the light and went to bed to sleep and dream of his beloved Sarah up among the everlasting hills of West Point.

Before the tavern closed up that night some soldiers came in with the news that General Arnold had been attacked by a rebel spy and that all the guards and pickets had been doubled to prevent his escape.

The next day the whole town was talking over the attack that had been made on Benedict Arnold. The name of the patriot had been given—that of John Adderhold—and everybody was repeating it, as if to charge memory thoroughly with it.

Soldiers came in early at the "King's Ale," and Polly Watson soon had the whole story at her finger ends.

"Why did he tell me his name was Holt?" she thought to herself a dozen times before she went up to take him his breakfast. "Why did he fear to trust me? Why could he not trust me?"

She was hurt.

There was a burning blush on her pretty face that morning as she entered the little room with the little tray containing his breakfast.

"Is Mr. John Adderhold well this morning?" she asked as he arose to greet her.

"Very well, indeed, thank you," he said. "But please don't ever let that name pass your lips while I am in the city. It is too dangerous—as dangerous for you as for me."

She looked reproachfully at him.

"Why could you not trust me?" she asked.

"I did trust you. I considered it dangerous to even you, and so did not tell you. I gave you the name I am known by here in the city. No one but you knows that Holt and Adderhold are one and the same. Hark!"

"Hush-sh-sh!" she cautioned. "Some one is coming up the stairs. Silence, for your life!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHADOW IN HIDING.

The footsteps were plainly heard by the patriot in the secret room. He looked like a statue listening and watching the expression of the fair face at his side.

Finally they heard a mumbling, as if some one were talking to himself. The words were too indistinct to be understood.

Two wooden partitions stood between the speaker and the two listeners in the secret room.

Then they heard the footsteps going back down the stairs.

"I wonder who it was?" said Polly, after another pause of a minute or two. "I never knew any one but father to come up here. I don't think it was he."

"You don't know who it was, then?" John asked.

"No; I am puzzled."

"Now, Polly, tell me the truth. Do I endanger you or your father by being here in the house?"

"No, I think not; though if you were found here we would all be ruined."

"I understand that. But is there the least bit of a chance of your being suspected of harboring me here?"

"Not in the least. This secret room has never been known to any of our family but father and myself, and to one whose name I will not mention, for he is a great man in the patriot Congress now."

"Then I will remain for a day or two. Do you know, I would rather go out and take the chances than stay here and imperil you?"

"But you do not imperil me," she said. "I will let you know when danger approaches. I must go now and see if I can find out who it was that came up on the garret floor. Don't be uneasy. I'll bring up a book for you to read. You won't be so lonesome then."

"Ah, Polly, you are an angel. I am afraid you will make me forget my duty as a soldier."

"But you must not do that," she said, laughing. "I think more of a man when he is a good soldier."

"Ah, yes—when he is a rebel."

"Yes, I am a rebel myself. Born so, I guess," and with that she passed out of the room, closing the secret door after her.

At the end of an hour Polly returned to the secret room with a book which she had selected for him to read during his stay there.

"Here is a book for you," she said, handing him the book. "You must make no response to any raps or calls whatever," she added. "When I want to come in I shall open the door without making any noise."

"As it is a soldier's duty to obey orders," he replied, "I shall do just as you say. But did you find out who it was that came upstairs an hour since?"

"No, and that's what is troubling me. Father says he did not, and I know the black cook did not."

"Well, that's strange, is it not?" he asked.

"Yes, but it may have been a man who has a room on the floor below. He sometimes drinks too much ale and then wanders around aimlessly."

"But does he do that way so early in the morning?"

"Oh, he has all times to fill himself full, you know."

"Who is he? Do you know anything about him?"

"His name is Rudesil. He has been here two months."

"What is he—a patriot or a King's man?"

"That's just what no one can find out. He is a very quiet man, pays his bills and gives no trouble. He won't talk politics, but listens to everything that is said about the house. He goes out every day and is gone several hours. Then he returns as quietly as he went and drinks his mug of ale and smokes his pipe as if he had no thought or care on his mind."

"Polly, that man is a spy!" said Adderhold. "You had better watch him. He has been sent here to keep an eye on all who come to this house."

Polly turned pale as death.

"Oh, do you really think that?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, such a man as that in times like these has a deep object in view. I don't know what else it can be, unless it is as I say."

Polly was silent for some time.

Then she spoke up.

"I can soon find out. I will turn spy myself and watch him."

She turned and left the room, leaving him alone with the book she had brought him.

He read hour after hour in deep silence. The book did not interest him, because his mind was on the man Rudesil. He could not shake off the belief that he was a British spy sent there to watch the house. To fall into the traitor's hands was certain death.

The day passed and Polly came up with a supper for him, which she deposited on the little table in a corner of the room.

"Have you been very lonesome?" she asked.

"Not very," he said, "for I have had much to think of all day. Have you any news?"

"Yes. The whole city is being searched to find a rebel spy of the name of Adderhold, who once belonged to Arnold's command at West Point."

"Ah! That is not news, for I expected that. But have you heard whether any one has been caught?"

"Oh, yes. Several men have been arrested and carried before General Arnold. But he shook his head, saying they were the wrong men."

"Of course," and the young patriot chuckled. "The right man will turn up after a while. Have you seen anything more of Rudesil?"

"Yes. He went out to-day, as usual, and returned at his regular hour. He seems to be watching me out of the corner of his eyes all the time."

"Is there no way for me to get a look at him, Polly?" Adderhold asked after a pause of several moments.

"I don't know. Why do you want to see him?"

"Merely to see if my suspicions are correct."

"Well, I will arrange it if I can. But are you not afraid of recognition?"

"Oh, no. I am a good hand at disguising, you know."

"Yes, I see you are, for you are no more like the man of yesterday than I am. How in the world do you manage to do it?"

He laughed and said:

"When I am ready to go down into the tap-room I'll show you how I make up. Keep your eye on that man, but don't let him see you watching him. That would make matters worse."

He did not know half the cunning ingenuity Polly Watson was endowed with, or he would not have thought such a warning necessary.

Polly waited till he had finished eating his supper and then took the tray away and glided out of the room.

CHAPTER X.

IN IMMINENT PERIL.

On her way downstairs Polly saw Rudesil watching her, having evidently been in waiting. She had the tray in her hands.

"Ah!" he said, as he came up to her. "You have a lodger up in the garret, have you?"

"Yes," she replied. "My aunt came two days ago and has been quite ill. I am thinking about sending for Dr. Stone."

"But why did you put her in the garret, Polly?" he asked, looking her straight in the face, "when there are two vacant rooms on my floor here?"

"I wanted to put her in the corner room, but neither she nor papa would listen to it. They said that one or both might be wanted for customers at any time—that as she was merely a visitor, as one of the family, she could sleep in the garret. I verily believe that sleeping up there in a little room which had been vacant so long is what made her sick."

"No doubt of it, Polly," he said. "She ought to be removed. She can have my room, and I will go up in the garret. How will that do?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Polly. "I'll ask her and papa and tell 'em how kind you are," and she ran downstairs as if in eager haste to communicate with her father.

She was eager indeed.

She had told her father all about John Adderhold's presence in the secret room up in the garret, and of his rescue of her the day before. Job Watson was dumfounded, knowing that the whole island was being scoured in search of him. But he was true blue and did not flinch, though he had gone thus far in the war without exciting suspicion as to his loyalty to the King.

He told Polly to go on and do her duty to the brave man who had rescued her from the clutches of a brute in Britain's uniform.

He was behind the bar when Polly came in and whispered to him.

"Mr. Rudesil suspects some one of being in the garret, and asked me about it. I told him my aunt had come and was quite ill. He asked why she did not take one of the vacant rooms on his floor, and I told him you wanted them for lodgers. He then said he would give up his room and go up in the garret himself. Now you know all. Decline his offer."

Job Watson's suspicions of the man were now aroused.

He recalled many little things that now looked suspicious which he had not thought of before. The thought that he was a British spy made his blood boil with patriotic indignation. To have the patriot discovered on his premises would be death to him and the confiscation of his property.

He kept an eye on Rudesil and saw that the man was mentally making a note of all that was going on at the tavern.

At last Job saw a man whom he knew to be in the secret service of Sir Henry Clinton enter the tap-room and look around as if in search of some one. He caught sight of Rude-

sil and went over to his side, sat down and called for two mugs of ale.

Polly served them and tried to catch some of the conversation between them, but could not do so.

The two men sat there in the tap-room for upward of an hour, smoking their pipes, drinking ale and watching those who came in during the course of the evening.

In the meantime Polly found an opportunity to run upstairs and enter the secret room.

She wore an expression of deep concern on her face.

"What's the matter now, Polly?" John asked.

"Papa says he is sure that Rudesil is a spy," she answered. "He has been seated with a man whom we know to be in the secret pay of Sir Henry."

"Well, bring him up here and let me see him, and——"

"Are you crazy, John Adderhold?" she asked, interrupting him.

"No—not in the least," was his cool reply. "We have got to get rid of that man, Polly, or he'll come here with a whole company of redcoats and search the house from top to bottom."

"Oh, I think I know what we can do," said Polly as a new idea flashed into her mind.

"What is it?"

"Why, you can personate my sick aunt. I'll put a bed in the outer room, dress you up as an old woman, and then cover the table with bottles of medicines, spoons, cups and other things. Do you think you could play the part?"

"Yes, I think I could. But what good would it do?"

"Why, when he came up and saw an old woman lying in bed his suspicions would be allayed, and that would end the matter so far as he was concerned."

"Well, I'll do as you say. A good woman is always a man's good genius. Bring me some female apparel, if you have some which you think will fit me."

"Yes, I know they will just fit you," said Polly, running out of the room in a hurry.

Downstairs in her own room stood a big chest, which had long stood there undisturbed. This she unlocked and took therefrom several garments and laid them on her bed. After selecting all that were needed, she rolled them in a bundle and crept upstairs with them.

She gave them to John in the secret room with many blushes. In a half hour she had the room ready.

He was ready also and looked every inch an elderly lady when Polly re-entered the room.

"Why, bless me!" she exclaimed, "what a good-looking old lady you do make."

"Do I? Well, I wanted to do credit to you. I am to be your aunt, you know."

"Yes—Aunt Jerusha Watson," and Polly laughed again one of her soft, silvery laughs.

"Now, in the morning," she added, "you must be in bed in the other room, and let me bring Mr. Rudesil up to see you, and you must then thank him for his kindness in offering to give up his room to you. Can you change your voice like a woman's?"

"Yes, I think I can," and the tone of his voice was so like a woman's that Polly was delighted.

"Oh, we'll fool him completely and can laugh at all the spies in Sir Henry's employ."

Everything being thus completed, Polly said good night to him and made her way downstairs again.

When she reached the tap-room she looked around in search of Rudesil. He was not there.

"I wonder where he can be?" she asked herself a dozen times in the short time she remained there.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BRITISH SPY AND THE PATRIOT.

Polly did not sleep very well that night. She could not divert her thoughts from the young patriot upstairs.

Rudesil was on hand to inquire about her aunt's health next morning.

"She isn't any better this morning," she replied.

"Will she accept my offer?"

"I think she will. I told her about it last night and she was very much pleased. But she thinks you would be sorry after once getting into the room."

"Oh, not at all," he said. "The greater the difference the more pleased I shall be that I was able to do her the favor."

Polly busied herself in preparing the breakfast which she was to take upstairs. Rudesil ate his meal in silence and then went into the tap-room to smoke.

As the smoke wreathed above his head Rudesil, who was, in fact, an officer in the secret service of Sir Henry Clinton, gave himself up to a train of thought, which, had they found vent in words, would have said:

"I don't know what to think of it. That some one is concealed upstairs I am fully persuaded. That story of her aunt is all bosh. If an aunt had come to the house I would have known of it. And yet she is going to show me up to the aunt's room for me to see it for myself. I wonder who will personate the aunt? Is it Adderhold—Arnold's shadow? Are the Watsons rebels? I have been here two months and during all that time have not heard him utter a word for one side or the other. I am quite certain that pretty Polly is a rebel at heart, though she has the good sense to keep her opinions to herself. The father and daughter love money, and will not endanger their chances of earning a penny by taking sides. Well, I'll see this old aunt, and if I see any fraud about her I'll clap a pistol to her head and make her surrender."

Such were the thoughts of Rudesil, who had been detailed to watch the "King's Ale" tavern for rebel spies and sympathizers. He patiently waited till Polly should summon him to accompany her up to the garret room.

Polly had tripped lightly upstairs to see if Adderhold was ready to receive him.

She found him in bed with an old lady's cap on, looking as much like an old woman as any she ever saw.

She could not help laughing as she saw him.

"I guess I had better go down and fetch him up," she said, after a half hour had been spent in conversation.

"Yes, go down and tell him I am waiting to thank him for his kindness."

Polly went out, closing the door after her.

No sooner had she left the room than the patriot raised himself on one elbow and reached under the pillow with his right hand. When he drew it out it held a bright, keen-bladed hunting-knife, a weapon more formidable than a sword in the hands of one who knew how to use it.

"This had better rest by my side," he said, "where I can hold it in my hand or clutch it without creating suspicion."

Then he reached under the pillow again and drew forth a pistol. That he also concealed under the coverlet, muttering:

"I don't care to take any chances with that fellow. He may be all right, but I don't put much faith in him. I shall be prepared for the worst, anyhow."

He waited ten minutes, which seemed like an hour to him. Then he heard Polly coming up the stairs, followed by a more heavy step.

"Aunt Jerusha," said Polly, leading the way into the room,

"this is Mr. Rudesil, the gentleman who so kindly offers to let you have the use of his room during your stay with us."

"I am sure I thank the gentleman for his kindness," said our hero in a well-feigned voice that sounded so feminine in tone as to impress the visitor with the genuineness of her sex.

"It is not in the least troublesome to me," he said. "How long have you been up here, madam?"

"Three days," said Aunt Jerusha, not having been coached by Polly on that particular point. Polly turned pale. She knew, or rather suspected, that Rudesil had crept upstairs the day before to see what he could find out.

The answer decided Rudesil. He knew that the room was not occupied the day before.

Without uttering a word, he drew a pistol, cocked it, levelled it at our hero's head, hissing:

"You are my prisoner, sir! Move hand or foot if you dare!"

"Why, what ails the man?" exclaimed Adderhold, looking him boldly in the face.

"I don't believe you are a woman. You are a rebel spy! 'Get up and dress yourself,' ordered Rudesil, "and mind—any attempt at escape will be your death!"

That was just what our hero wanted.

He threw off a portion of the cover and sprang out on his feet. Ere the Briton suspected such a thing he was caught by the right wrist and the pistol wrenched from his grasp.

With a hunting knife at his throat, he was forced back against the wall, the patriot hissing in his face:

"I am John Adderhold, as you suspected. It is my life or yours!"

Then he clutched him by the throat. The Briton writhed like a serpent in his grasp. They went down on the floor together, rolling over and over. But the relentless patriot never let go his hold on his throat.

Rudesil soon ceased to struggle and in a little while Adderhold rose to his feet and glared down at his enemy.

Taking up the knife and pistols and laying them on a chair, he turned to life the body from the floor. It was quite heavy, but John Adderhold was a strong man. He pressed a finger against the knot in the wooden wall and the secret door flew open.

Stepping inside, he laid the dead man on the floor. Then he went back to attend to Polly, who was lying on the floor where she had fallen in a faint near the foot of the bed.

Taking her up in his arms, he laid her on the bed. Then, taking a glass of water, he liberally sprinkled her face with it.

She gave a start, opened her eyes and stared as if her very soul was thrilled with an unspeakable horror.

"Silence, Polly! Silence!" he said, shaking her roughly. "I am all right!"

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Dead!" was the whispered reply.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TERRORS OF A NIGHT—THE SHADOW AND THE MAIDEN.

Polly looked at him in wondering surprise and asked:

"How did you do it?"

"He ordered me to get up and dress and I pretended to obey. When I got near enough to him I caught him by the wrist, wrenched the pistol from his hand and then choked him so he could not make any noise. The struggle was soon over, for when I get a man by the throat there is but little hope for life for him."

Polly shuddered as she looked at his hands and wondered how many men he had choked to death. Then she glanced

timidly round the room, and, not seeing the dead body, looked inquiringly up at him.

"He is in the other room," he said, "where he cannot be seen."

"Well, well! It was perfectly frightful to me. I felt that I was going to die right on the spot. Oh, I am so glad you are not hurt."

"I thank you very much for your kindness. I shall never forget you, Polly. But you know the danger is not yet passed."

"Why, what's next?"

"The body must be gotten out of the house to-night."

She was silent, thinking how best it could be removed.

"If you can let me out by the kitchen and that back gate after midnight," he said to her, "I can carry it to the river in a bag."

"Yes, I can do that. But you have no bag?"

"No. You must provide one."

By degrees she calmed down and then went out, leaving our hero alone in the outer room next to the secret apartment.

Entering the secret apartment, he proceeded to search the clothes of the dead man. He found many papers and letters, among them an accurate description of himself which had been given to all the British army by General Arnold to enable them to better identify him when found.

He took all the letters and papers and placed them in his own pockets, intending to read them at his leisure. Then he took some of the dead Briton's clothing, in order to add to his own disguise when he should leave the "King's Ale" tavern.

By the time he had completed his investigations he heard Polly coming up the steps again.

She opened the secret door, but would not come in.

"Here is a bag," she said. "See if it will do," and she cast it into the middle of the room.

Adderhold took it up and examined it.

"Yes," he said, "it is just the thing. Can you get me some strong twine and one or two stones weighing some fifteen or twenty pounds?"

"Yes," and she gave a shudder as she suspected his purpose. She went back downstairs and was gone nearly an hour.

When she returned she said:

"I had to watch for a chance to get away from the tap-room without exciting suspicion."

"Yes—yes—I know that, Polly. You are doing better than one in ten thousand could do," and he took the things she brought up and carefully laid them away, to be used when needed.

When night came a terrible rainstorm set in and it was very dark.

At midnight Polly appeared and conducted him to the gate. He made his way to the river bank, threw the bag into the stream and returned to the inn, where he was let in by Polly and went to the secret room. He was wet to the skin.

He undressed and went to bed. Next morning he found his clothes dry, when he arose and hastily donned them.

Polly came up soon after with his breakfast.

"Any news?" he asked.

"Yes. They say that General Arnold is to go to Virginia in command of an army."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I heard the soldiers talking openly about it in the tap-room."

"Polly! Polly!"

The voice of Job Watson at the foot of the stairs calling his daughter interrupted him.

Polly ran to the head of the stairs and answered:

"I am coming!" and went tripping lightly downstairs.

Adderhold went over near the head of the flight and listened to what was said below.

"Here's two gentlemen from headquarters to see Mr. Rudesil," he heard her father say. "Run and call him."

Polly turned pale in spite of herself, but had the presence of mind to turn and run back upstairs in time to prevent the two strangers from observing it.

She went up to the door of Rudesil's room and knocked on the door loud enough for those down in the tap-room to hear. Of course there was no response, for Rudesil was that moment sleeping at the bottom of the East River. Then she called him by name. Still no answer came.

She went back downstairs to her father and said

"Mr. Rudesil is not in his room. The door is locked."

The two men looked at each other a moment or two, as if undecided what to do or say.

"Have you the key to the room?" one of them finally asked.

"No, he has the key with him," she replied.

"Does he usually carry it?"

"No, sir."

"Then he must be in his room. There's something the matter with him. Will you permit us to see?"

"Yes, of course," said Job Watson. "He was one of my best customers, and I should be sorry to hear of anything happening to him. He was as loyal to the King as any man ever was, too."

"Are you loyal also?" the man asked, turning suddenly upon the host.

"Why, yes, sir. What man ever doubted my loyalty?"

"I have not heard it questioned," was the reply, "but men's loyalty and disloyalty is the all-absorbing topic just now."

"Yes, and right sorry I am that it should be so. This wicked rebellion ought to be crushed at all hazards. Here's the door of Mr. Rudesil's room, sir."

One of the men stooped and peered through the keyhole. He could see no key on the inside.

"Have you no other key with which to open the door?" the other asked.

"No, but we will open it by breaking it in," and with that he hurled himself against the door with great force. The lock gave way and the door flew open.

All three entered the room.

Everything was in perfect order—the bed had not been used since Polly put it to rights the day before.

"It has not been occupied at all," said one of the men in some surprise.

"No," returned the other. "When did you see him last, Mr. Watson?"

"Two days ago."

"Have you made no inquiries about him?"

"No. He came and went at will and said nothing to any one about his business."

The two men went downstairs into the tap-room, where they each drank a mug of flip prepared by Polly's own hand.

John Adderhold, on the garret floor above, heard all that passed below between the Watsons and the strangers.

"I must get away from here," he said. "They have missed Rudesil and begin to suspect that something has happened. If I stay here I may get the Watsons in trouble. Yes, I'll go away and take the chances of capture rather than longer endanger them."

When the two men went away Polly ran upstairs to tell our hero what had happened.

"They will send soldiers here, and search the house from garret to cellar; hence you see how necessary it is for me to get out of the way," said Adderhold.

"Yes," she whispered, "you must go, but I am sorry."

"So am I," he said, "for I have had rest and comfort here, and your kindness to me has made me as happy as a man can ever be in this world. I'll not forget you, Polly."

"You will come back again?"

"Yes, as often as I dare to as long as I stay on the island. When that traitor leaves I shall leave, too."

He went about making up his disguise, at which task she assisted him as much as she could.

The disguise complete, he assisted her in destroying everything that might lead one to suspect that Rudesil had been foully dealt with.

That done, he shook hands with Polly, thanked her a dozen times and then crept away from the tavern.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WATSONS ARE ARRESTED.

Out on the street, confident in his disguise, John Adderhold wended his way up toward Broadway.

He soon reached the vicinity of headquarters and walked by as if he was in the habit of doing so every day in his life.

In the meantime the two men who had called at the "King's Ale" tavern in quest of Rudesil had gone back to the headquarters of the post commandant and made their report.

It was regarded as suspicious and a force was detailed to go and search the house from cellar to garret. Accordingly the duty fell upon one who had often frequented the tavern and tried to make love to pretty Polly Watson. He was a young captain of the name of Cairns.

The young officer led his men into the house and placed the Watson family under arrest.

"What is this for?" Watson demanded. "I am a loyal man, as everybody knows."

"I can tell you more about it after I have searched the house," replied the young officer. "Show me all the rooms in the house, Mistress Polly."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Polly.

"I will do so," said Job Watson, fearing the wrath of the young officer. "Come on. Where do you want to go first?"

But the young captain wanted to have Polly guide him over the house. He turned to her and said:

"I have the power to force you to obey me, but don't wish to do so. Will you show me through the house?"

"Indeed I will not," she replied.

"Why not?"

"Because my father is not only the proper one to do so, but far better able than I."

"That's so," said her father. "I'll show you everything, captain—come on."

Captain Cairns placed a big red-coated Scotchman as guard over Polly, as well as more at the different doors, and then with half a dozen men followed the landlord all through the house.

They soon passed from the lower to the upper rooms, where a most rigid search was made without finding anything that could throw any light on the fate of Rudesil.

Up in the garret they peered everywhere. They stood right on the spot where Rudesil had met his death at the hands of Arnold's Shadow, but never suspected anything.

Suddenly the young officer turned on Watson and asked:

"Where is Rudesil?"

"Oh, you are looking for him, are you?" said Watson, who was on his guard all the time. "Well, I don't know where he is. Wish I did know."

The young captain said:

"I shall have to take you and your daughter to headquarters."

"Well, I am sure I can't help myself if you choose to do so," was the reply.

He was led down to the tap-room, where Polly was under guard. She glanced at him and saw from the expression of his face that the secret room had not been discovered.

"We are to go to headquarters, Polly," said her father. "It seems that our loyalty to the King is suspected."

"Well, we can't help ourselves," she replied, "but just such treatment is what has made so many rebels in this country."

"That is treason," said the captain.

"No treason about it," said Polly very hotly. "It's plain common sense. I love the King, but if he ill-treats me or mine, I shall hate him. That's human nature, and I am but human after all."

"The King can do no wrong," said the captain.

"Yes, that's the saying, but the Bible says kings are just as big sinners as anybody else."

"Daughter—daughter!" chided her father, "you are saying too much."

"Saying too much? I only wish the King was here to hear me. What outrages are committed in his name!"

The young officer escorted the father and daughter to headquarters through the streets of the city.

As they were marched along John Adderhold saw them.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, "have I brought ruin on them!"

He followed them to headquarters, as did many others, and got near enough to hear the charges against them—that of aiding the enemy in divers ways.

Job Watson denied the charge strenuously, claiming that he was as loyal as the commandant himself.

"But your daughter has uttered treasonable language," said the commandant.

"His daughter has done no such thing!" said Polly indignantly. "And if I did he is not responsible for what I say."

The commandant looked at her in surprise for a minute or two and then asked:

"Young lady, do you claim to be loyal to the King?"

"I do. But if I am ill-treated by the King's officers, I shall be as rebellious as George Washington."

"That is rank treason."

"On whose part—mine or the King's?" she asked.

"Treason again!" said the commandant.

"Oh, indeed! Well, thank Heaven that to be loyal to justice and right, kings must suffer."

"I see that you are very far from being loyal, young lady. Your father cannot have been very loyal to allow you to imbibe such sentiments. You may both go, but henceforth you will be watched. The first offense will bring down summary punishment on your heads."

They turned and left the presence of the commandant, followed by quite a number of people. John Adderhold crept up alongside of Polly and grasped her hand, whispering:

"I have been watching you. You are as true as steel!"

Ere she uttered a word, he glided back in among the crowd. But a redcoat had his eye on him, having seen him whisper to Polly.

"Here!" he said, laying a heavy hand on his shoulder. "I want you. You are a rebel!"

Quick as a flash the Shadow turned and dealt the redcoat a blow that knocked him senseless to the earth. Then he attempted to get away.

Two or three men caught hold of him to hold him.

He drew his hunting-knife and began carving with it.

The wounded men uttered cries of pain and rage and tried to get out of the way of the terrible knife.

"Hold him! Kill him—the rebel!" were cries heard on all sides, and men ran here and there in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHADOW MAKES A NARROW ESCAPE.

As the cavalry charged down the street the people fled in every direction to escape the merciless sabers as well as the life-crushing hoofs of the horses.

The Shadow ran with the people, for he knew that to cope single-handed with the cavalry would be folly.

But the man who first attacked him was a very determined fellow. He was as pugnacious as a bulldog. To be knocked down as he had been was more than he was willing to take. So he again attacked him in the crowd when out of the way of the cavalry.

"You are a rebel!" he cried, making an attempt to seize the Shadow again.

Adderhold saw the peril he was in.

He was quick to act, and ere the accuser was aware of his intention, he sprang upon him, knife in hand, and cried out:

"Surrender, you traitor!"

The knife was at his throat, and the Tory saw death staring him in the face.

"Yes—I surrender!" he gasped for the purpose of saving his life.

By this time the excited throng had crowded around them in such numbers as to again attract the attention of the cavalry.

"Charge!" yelled the officer in command, and again the thunderous roar of horses' hoofs rushing forward warned the crowd of their danger.

In the terrible confusion that followed John Adderhold ran under a horse's belly just in time to escape a cut on the head. He arose on the other side and shot the cavalryman with one of his pistols. He knew that would add to the confusion, and that in confusion lay his chances of escape.

He had not miscalculated.

The cavalrymen were enraged at seeing one of their number go down and began to put in some wicked work.

Seeing how the thing was going, the Shadow sprang into the saddle of the dead cavalryman and urged the horse out of the crowd.

He had just reached the edge of the crowd when a half dozen cavalrymen saw that he was trying to get away.

"Halt there!" several cried at once.

But he didn't halt.

On the contrary, he was moving away quite lively.

"Catch that man!" ordered a young officer.

"Crack, crack!" came two shots, and bullets whistled uncomfortably close to his head.

The young officer, a mere stripling in a brilliant uniform, dashed up to his side, sword in hand, and yelled:

"Halt or I'll cut you down!"

John Adderhold saw the youth raise his saber to strike. The face of the young lieutenant prevented him from braining him with the butt of his pistol.

He reached out, however, and caught the uplifted arm of the young officer and jerked him out of his saddle. Then he swung him across his own horse's shoulders, at the same time hissing:

"Just make any trouble now and I'll twist your neck like a cook does a chicken's!"

Then he dashed away up the street at full speed. The cavalrymen were amazed at seeing their young officer kidnapped right from under their noses.

In the meantime he was getting away as fast as his horse's heels could carry him. The horse happened to be one of the best in the command, and away he went, as if proud of being ridden by a brave man.

The other officers did not see the capture of the young lie-

tenant at first, hence no order to pursue was given till their attention was called to the situation.

Then the order of pursuit was given, and the whole squadron dashed off up the street at full speed. They made the welkin ring with their shouts and hoarse cries of rage.

But the bold patriot was now a good distance in the lead, and did not so much fear the bullets of the pursuers. He knew they would not fire at him for fear of hurting the young officer. That protection was the only motive that led to his capture.

Soldiers along the street were surprised at seeing a man dressed as a private citizen dashing past, mounted on a superb charger and carrying a young British officer across his saddle-bow.

Nearer and nearer to the street that led off toward the woods dashed our hero.

The officer made an effort to change his position.

"Be still or you are a dead man!" hissed Adderhold. "I am not to be trifled with now!"

By and by they reached the woods, and Adderhold saw that he could make but slow progress on horseback. He flung the young Briton on the ground with such force as to knock the breath out of him. Then he sprang to the ground himself and left the horse standing near where the young officer lay, and dashed into the deep recess of the woods.

He was as quick to act as to think, and by the time his pursuers were at the edge of the woods, where he had been seen to enter, he was running along the river bank in the direction of the lower part of the city.

The cavalry entered the wood and found the young officer lying where he had been cast, more dead than alive, and set up a shout of triumph.

"He is in these woods, men!" cried the captain. "Dismount and deploy. Arrest every man you find. Search every clump of bushes, tree or hollow log. He will seek to conceal himself till the darkness of night will give him a chance to escape."

Then he turned to the young lieutenant, who was lying on the ground groaning, and asked:

"Which way did he go, lieutenant?"

"I—I don't know," was the feeble reply.

"Are you much hurt?"

"I—I fear I am," and he raised himself on his elbow and pressed a hand to his side.

He was very pale. The captain knelt by his side and said:

"I don't see any wound."

"I was thrown to the ground."

"But you are not cut or shot, are you?" asked the captain.

"I don't know."

But the captain saw from his pallid face that the aristocratic youth was pretty badly hurt. He ordered a litter made, and four men placed him thereon, and started back to the city with him.

An hour had passed and still the bold patriot had not been heard from. The captain sent couriers all through the woods to ask the men if he had been found.

But they all brought back the same answer. The rebel had not been seen in the woods.

The search was kept up all day long and when night came they were still beating about in the bushes.

In the meantime our hero, after passing out of the woods down by the river, walked leisurely along down toward the lower end of the island, where Castle Garden now stands. There were but few people about, and not till he had gone a half mile or so did he meet any one at all.

By and by he came to the Battery and walked about, having made some small change in his disguise, so as to puzzle any one who had seen him that morning.

By degrees he worked his way round to the house of a friend of his named Meyers. There he told them what had happened, and begged them to get him an old woman's dress for a disguise.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Meyers, "I have some old dresses upstairs, which belonged to my aunt. I think they will just suit you."

"Let me see them," he said.

She took him upstairs and showed him the dresses.

"They will do," he said. "I'll take this one. Can you give me other things necessary to make me look like a genuine old woman?"

"Yes, I think I can, if your feet are not too large."

"Well, my feet are not as big as they look," he replied.

She soon procured all the other necessary articles, and he locked himself up in a room to complete his toilet. In a half hour he came downstairs, looking very much like a fidgety old woman of fifty years of age.

"Why, Aunt Sarah!" cried Mrs. Meyers, who was ready to split her sides laughing at him. "Well, you would fool your own mother!" she exclaimed.

"Well, get me a basket, and cook me some cakes, and I'll see if I can't fool somebody else."

In a couple of hours he was ready with a basketful of hot cakes to start out and sell them to the soldiers.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SHADOW PEDDLES CAKES.

Soldiers walking along the streets of the city that afternoon were accosted by an old woman with a basket on her arm.

"Hot cakes for the King's soldiers," she said, and few passed her without testing the quality of her cakes.

When down in the neighborhood of Pearl Street she went around by the "King's Ale Tavern," kept by the Watsons. There she went in and began selling her stock to the customers who were present.

Polly Watson looked as if she were surprised at seeing an old cake woman come into the tap-room at the tavern. But the cake peddler did not appear to take any notice of her, for she went to a dozen customers ere she turned to the bar.

"Will you have a cake, Mistress Polly?" she asked as she held her basket up over the bar toward the young girl.

Something in the voice of the old cake peddler caused Polly to give a sudden start. She looked hard at the old woman for a moment or two and then said:

"Yes, if you will take a mug of ale in exchange for it."

"Of course I will. Why, child, I dearly love a mug of ale. Have ye a room where I can sit down and rest my tired feet a while?"

"Yes, to be sure. The 'King's Ale Tavern' has accommodations for all. Come with me," and she left the bar to lead the way into the rear rooms.

The old cake peddler followed her, of course.

In the rear room Polly closed the door between that and the tap-room. Then she turned to the cake peddler. Her face was beaming with joy.

"I am so glad you escaped," she said. "How in the world did you do it?"

"Sheer good luck," he said, sitting down in a chair. "Child, you don't realize the danger you are in. Go back to the tap-room and let me sit here and rest a while."

"Are you so tired, then?"

"Not in the least. I only came in to get a sight of your sweet face."

Polly blushed red as a rose and said in a soft, shy kind of way:

"I am so glad you came," and then she went back into the tap-room.

But some of the customers called for more cakes.

"I'll get them for you," said Polly, and she ran back into the rear room and asked the disguised patriot for the basket.

"They are in love with your cakes," she said. "You could sell double this quantity every day."

"Yes, child, that I could, but I am getting too old now. I can't hold out to carry such a heavy basket around with me every day."

Polly laughed and carried the basket back into the tap-room, where she soon sold out the remaining cakes.

"There," she said as she returned the empty basket to the disguised patriot, "I have sold all your cakes for you."

"I'll come again," said Adderhold in a low whisper as he took up his basket and hobbled out through the tap-room, on his way out to the street.

"Yes, do, and bring plenty good cakes with you," said Polly.

"The old lady knows how to make good cakes, Mistress Polly," remarked a corporal, as she brought him another mug of ale.

"Yes, indeed," returned Polly. "I never ate sweeter cakes in my life."

"I don't remember ever seeing her selling cakes here before."

"No. I never saw her before myself. I suppose she has been forced to do so to keep from starving."

"Yes, no doubt. This war is very hard on many innocent people. That is another sin the wicked rebels will have to answer for."

"Oh, if those who are in the wrong about the war could be made to suffer for the sorrow and trouble caused by it, I would be content. But it cannot be. Thousands of poor women and children suffer who had nothing to do toward bringing it about."

"You are right, Mistress Polly," remarked the corporal. "Young girls who have sweethearts in the army suffer ten thousand deaths, don't they?"

"I suppose they suffer much from suspense," replied Polly.

"You don't know anything about it yourself, I suppose?"

"No, I don't," was the prompt reply.

"What! Are you not afraid that old cake peddler will be arrested as a spy?"

"Why, no. Why should she be arrested? You don't think she is a spy, do you?"

"Well, yes," he said, "I do think she is a spy. Don't you?"

"Why, no," replied Polly. "I never saw her before to-day. You men are always suspicious of something or somebody."

"Well, I am suspicious of her, and I am going to see where she goes," and with that he arose and left the tap-room to follow the old cake woman.

He shortly caught up with the old man.

"Where do you live?" he asked in a very determined tone.

"I live up on the Harlem road," she exclaimed indignantly.

He laid a heavy hand on the patriot's shoulder. "You are my prisoner!"

Whack! Thump!

The corporal was knocked all in a heap as if struck by a thunderbolt.

CHAPTER XVI.

POLLY AND THE TRAITOR FACE TO FACE.

When he reached the Meyers' the patriot said to the good wife:

"I have sold the cakes, but lost the basket. Here's the

money to pay for both. I can't play old woman any longer. I must be an old man next."

"Why, what has happened, John?"

"I was arrested by a redcoat," said the patriot, "and had to knock him down in order to get away," and he ran upstairs and quickly divested himself of the female apparel he had been wearing during the day.

In ten minutes he came down, looking very like a countryman, having made some little alterations, so as to make the disguise appear quite natural.

"I am off now," he said to Meyers and his wife, "and don't know when I will come back. Don't look for me till you see me."

They shook hands with him, but said nothing. They knew but too well the fearful peril that menaced him.

He left the house and boldly made his way back to the inn kept by the Watsons.

To his intense surprise he found the corporal there, drunk as a lord and blowing about his adventure with the old cake woman.

He seated himself in a corner of the tap-room and called for a mug of ale and pipe and tobacco.

Polly brought them to him without once suspecting his identity.

She placed the mug on the table in front of him, and he put the pay into her hand, saying:

"The corporal got the wrong woman by the ear, didn't he?"

She recognized his voice and gave him a quick glance of recognition.

Suddenly he was astonished at seeing Benedict Arnold, the great traitor, enter the tap-room, accompanied by three British officers. He was in the uniform of a British general.

Polly did not know him till she was told who he was.

Then her father went before him and made one of his best bows.

"General," he said, "I am honored by this visit, and am at your service."

The traitor scowled at him.

"Oh, that won't do, landlord," said one of the officers. "We know you for a rebel, and don't want anything of you but some of your best old English ale."

"Gentlemen, you do me great injustice," Watson protested. "I am as loyal to the King as any of you."

They all laughed.

"Send your daughter to us with four mugs of ale," said another one of the party.

He bowed and went back to the bar, where he drew the ale for Polly to deliver.

John Adderhold sat within five feet of Arnold, studying the features of the man who was once his general in the patriot army.

Polly came to the table with the four mugs of ale and placed them before each.

"Do you know where John Adderhold is?" the colonel bluntly asked.

"Who is John Adderhold?"

"Oh, don't you know him?"

"No," she boldly answered.

"Haven't you heard of him?"

"I've heard people talking about him over their mugs, but I don't pay much attention to what drunken men say."

"He may have gone back to his wife," quietly remarked Arnold. "He was very much attached to her when I was at West Point."

"Perhaps Mistress Polly didn't know he was married," remarked the colonel.

"No," said Polly. "I didn't know it, but I hope he is. Men

who have the right kind of wives never desert their country or her cause."

Arnold turned ashen-hued and his eyes flashed fire.

John Adderhold could hardly refrain from crying out:

"Bravo, Mistress Polly!"

The three British officers looked into their mugs, as if trying to discover some scientific wonder there, while Polly went away to wait on other customers.

"She is waspish," remarked the colonel.

"Yes, very," said Arnold, "and a rank rebel, too."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes—quite sure."

John Adderhold took a pencil and wrote on a piece of paper.

"The Shadow cannot be dodged. The traitor is doomed. John Adderhold has not 'gone back to his wife.'"

This he rolled into a round ball and waited for an opportunity to cast over on the table at which the traitor was sitting.

By and by he shot it toward the ceiling as a boy shoots a marble, and it fell over in the traitor's mug.

The colonel fished it out and read it.

Instantly he sprang to his feet and cried out:

"Let no man leave the house! There is a rebel spy here. Shoot him if he attempts to leave!"

Polly, who had made up her mind not to be surprised at anything, turned very pale and looked anxiously toward our hero.

She apprehended that Arnold had, in some way, ascertained that the Shadow was in the house, and was devising a trap to capture him.

She glanced over at the patriot and saw that he was trying to appear just as the others did. He had risen up with the others and was looking on as though he had no interest other than that of a spectator.

"General," said the redcoat colonel to the great traitor, "come with me and see if we can find him."

Polly was trembling in every limb.

Suddenly the thought flashed through her mind that if she could create some kind of confusion in some sudden and unexpected way it might give him a chance to make his escape.

With that object in view, she went behind the bar and threw herself on the floor, screaming at the top of her voice, at the same time kicking the kegs around at a lively rate, to create the impression that a struggle was going on behind there.

At the first scream the British officers made a dash for the bar, thinking the spy had been caught and was trying to make his escape.

"Now is my chance," thought the Shadow, and he turned to the window near where he had been sitting. He attempted to raise it, but found it fastened.

To rush to the door would be to invite half a dozen pistol-balls ere he could reach it.

"I must go through this window," he muttered, and stepping back two or three paces, he made a run and a flying leap, going through the sash with a crash that startled every one in the house.

Of course every one turned toward the broken window.

"There goes the spy!" cried the British colonel, wheeling and making a dash in that direction as he did so.

He raised his pistol and fired, crying out sternly:

"Halt there, in the King's name!"

But the patriot did not halt. He was not obeying any orders in the name of the King just then.

"After him! Ten pounds for him, dead or alive!" cried the officer, making a spring through the window.

A half dozen others followed him, anxious to secure the promised reward.

The patriot had vanished from sight as if by magic.

"He has escaped us," said the colonel, turning to General Arnold.

"Yes. He was there in the room all the time."

"We have been foiled by a woman, general," said the colonel. They entered the tavern together.

"Where is that girl?" the colonel asked of Polly's father.

"Who—my daughter?"

"Yes, she who screamed in order that the rebel spy might take advantage of the confusion to make his escape."

"She did not scream for that purpose, colonel," said her father.

"Why did she scream?"

"Because a rat ran against her foot when she came behind the bar."

"Where is the girl?"

"She has gone up to her room, sir."

"Call her down. I want to see her."

He stepped inside the connecting door and called out:

"Polly! Polly!"

Polly answered, and a moment later came down into the tap-room. She was not looking like one who had just recovered from a severe faint.

On the contrary, there was a happy look in her eyes.

"Daughter," said her father, "the colonel here wants to know why you screamed so just now behind the bar?"

"Well, didn't you tell him, father?"

"Yes, I told him about the rat, but I don't think he believes me."

"Why do you not believe my father, colonel?" she asked.

"Because I believe you screamed for the purpose of giving John Adderhold a chance to escape," he replied.

"Indeed! Was John Adderhold in the house?"

"Yes, and he escaped during the excitement you created."

"Well, I am sorry. I was so very nervous at seeing you and the general going around the room with weapons in your hands, looking for a man to kill, that, when the rat ran over my foot, I screamed with all my might."

"Let her go, colonel," said Arnold. "Her tongue is sharper than a two-edged sword or a hornet's sting. As we didn't have our hands on the spy, we can't swear that she did anything to aid him."

"Ah, general, you would make a greater lawyer than a general."

The traitor frowned, but made no reply.

They turned away and Polly went back up to her room, chuckling to herself at the success of her ruse.

"How quick he seized upon the opportunity!" she said.

Then she relapsed into silence, all her thoughts revolving around the one question—"Is he married?"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHADOW SHADOWED.

On going through the window John Adderhold fell to the pavement amid a shower of broken glass.

He dashed up the street, fortunately meeting no one before reaching the first corner.

There he turned toward the East River.

Nobody was seen in that direction.

But having turned the corner, he stopped running.

"They won't follow me, I guess," he muttered. "The traitor dares not face me in a square fight. Treason has made him a coward."

He made his way down toward the river, looking back and listening now and then to see if he was pursued.

At last he found a place where he could get down to the water and wash away the blood stains. Then he set out for Meyers' house.

He turned into another street and then stopped to listen.

Footsteps were heard behind him coming in his direction.

They ceased when he had stopped a moment or two.

"That means that I am followed," he said to himself. "I'll see if it is true before going any further."

His test was to retrace his steps and see if he was still followed.

As he doubled back on the person, the latter stopped and tried to get out of the way.

"Ah! You dodge, eh? Well, let's see if you can do it as well as I can."

He pretended not to notice that any one but himself was on the street. The man hid himself under the dark shadow of a tree, and though our hero saw him, he did not make any attempt to molest him.

Beyond him Adderhold kept a keen watch on his movements. He soon saw enough to convince him that the man was shadowing him.

"I shall have to shake him off at once or kill him."

He suddenly drew his knife and wheeled about and walked toward the man.

Just as Adderhold came abreast of him a third man appeared on the scene, much to the surprise of the patriot.

But he was not to be thus balked in his plans. He boldly made up to the man who had been shadowing him and asked:

"What do you want of me?"

"Eh! What? I—I—don't understand you!" was the reply in stammering tones.

"You don't, eh? Well, do you understand that?" and he gave him a blow that sent him rolling in the dust.

Then he darted away.

"Not so fast!" cried the third man, drawing a pistol and firing directly at his head.

The bullet went through his hat.

Quick as a flash the patriot drew and returned the shot.

The bullet struck the man's shoulder and sent him staggering backward.

Adderhold drew another pistol and was about to fire again when he heard people running toward him.

Knowing that it would not do to have to give any explanations, he turned and sprang over a fence on the other side of the street.

The wounded man was the center of a sympathizing group in a few minutes, while our hero was making his way through a private lot to the next street.

The man who was knocked down sprang up and made such a desperate attempt to get on the track of the patriot that the citizens, suspecting that he had shot the other man, arrested him.

Having thus shaken off his pursuers, John Adderhold lost no time in getting to his friend's house.

But on reaching it he saw two men loitering about, as if watching the place.

Just where to go to hide himself till he could either change his disguise or till his cuts were healed was a puzzle to him. It was growing very late, when any one would be arrested on the street.

"I'll go back to the 'King's Ale,'" he said. "They would never suspect me of doing such a thing. The very audacity of the thing makes it safe enough."

He made his way round there and found the place just closing up.

Two men were pacing to and fro in front of the house. They were soldiers in full uniform.

"Guarded!" he gasped. "I am sorry for Watson. It will hurt

his business very much. Yet it may do him a world of good in the future."

Of course he could not enter the house while two soldiers paced to and fro in front of it.

He went around on the next street, and was amazed at seeing the rear of the premises unguarded. It made him chuckle.

"I'll go in just to show Polly that I am not much afraid of the redcoats and Benedict Arnold. If I can get into that secret room again I shall have no fear of arrest."

He opened the gate and stepped safely inside.

"Halt there!" came a stern, hoarse voice, and the next moment a bayonet was pointed at his throat. At the other end of the musket stood a stalwart Briton.

The situation was desperate.

There was no chance to parley.

He seized the bayonet with his left hand, pushed it aside and sprang toward him, knife in hand.

The soldier was taken so by surprise that ere he could recover from his astonishment the patriot's knife was buried to the hilt in his breast.

He threw up both hands, dropping the musket, and staggered up against the fence. The relentless patriot followed him and struck another blow. That settled him. He sank down without a groan.

"This is a time of war," said the Shadow, "which accounts for everything."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A REFUGE AT LAST.

For a moment or two after the sentinel fell our hero stood like one in a dream.

"It was a narrow escape," he said. "I did not think of finding a guard inside the gate. Had he pulled the trigger, it would have ended me right here."

What to do with him was the next problem to be solved.

"I'll throw him into the river," he said. "That will leave the matter a mystery. They may think he has deserted."

At that hour of the night he knew that but few people were out of bed. He might go to the river without seeing a living being; then again he might meet a dozen.

"I'll take the chances, anyhow," he said, and forthwith he took up the body and started out with it.

After throwing it into the river he went back and boldly re-entered the gate that opened into the rear yard of the King's Ale Tavern.

A handful of gravel thrown against Watson's window aroused him.

"Who is there?" he asked in very low tones.

"A friend," was the reply.

"I have no friends," said the landlord bitterly. "But what do you want here?"

"Shelter for my life," replied the Shadow.

That was enough.

Watson would have imperiled his life for any one who made such an appeal to him.

He sprang out of bed and knocked at Polly's room door.

Polly was up in an instant.

Her father whispered to her that some one wanted shelter to save his life.

"Then we must give it to him, father," she said.

"Yes—in the secret room?"

"That depends upon who it is."

She hastily dressed and went to the back door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's me, Polly."

Low as his voice was, she recognized it.

The door flew open instantly.

"Oh, I'm so glad you have come back," she whispered. "But how did you get past the sentinel at the gate?"

"The sentinel is gone away. He will not return again."

She shuddered.

Another man killed by this terrible Shadow! She well knew what he meant.

"Did you leave him in the yard?"

"No. He has gone to the river."

"Ah!" and she caught his hand in the dark.

"Can I rest in the secret room again?" he asked.

"Yes. Come."

She led the way upstairs.

"Who is it?" her father asked.

"John Adderhold," she replied.

"Are you hurt?"

"No," replied the Shadow.

"Glad to hear it," and he shook hands with him.

"Thanks. I have been hunted to-night till this is the only refuge I can find."

"You are welcome to it."

"I know that. Your reward shall come by and by."

Polly then led the way up to the secret room.

"We dare not light a candle," she said.

"No—one is not needed. I am sorry to put you to so much trouble. But I was hunted down."

"You did right to come back. I think you will be safe here."

"I know I will. Lord bless you, Polly Watson. I would rather die than have trouble come to you through me."

"Would you, John Adderhold?"

"Yes, Polly, I would, indeed."

"Well, I will believe you. I am sure I would do anything to save you from the enemy that seeks your life."

By this time they had reached the door of the secret room, and she stopped.

"I'll bring you up some breakfast in the morning," she said, and the next moment was gone.

"Well, well!" Adderhold exclaimed as he laid himself down on the bed. "I am safe for a time, anyhow. Benedict Arnold has pushed me pretty close, but I'll get him yet or my name is not John Adderhold."

He was awakened the next morning by a gentle rap on the door.

It was Polly with his breakfast.

"Bless you, Polly. I am as hungry as a famished wolf. Do you know if the sentinel has been missed yet?"

"Yes, they seem to think he has deserted the King's side."

"So I thought. They don't suspect anything else, do they?"

"No. They keep up a guard, though."

"Oh, let them do that till they get tired. Then they'll quit."

"Yes, but it's galling."

"So it is. But this is a time of war, you know."

"Yes, and that will account for a good many things that are done every day."

John Adderhold looked up suddenly as she made the remark, wondering if she meant anything by it.

"You are hurt," she said, looking at the cuts on his face, "and have blood on your clothes."

"Yes; the glass cut me some last night as I went through that window. Polly, you saved my life last night by screaming as you did."

"I'm glad I did, then. General Arnold thought I did it on purpose."

"So you did. Some day I'll show you how much I appreciate you, Polly."

Polly blushed and left the room, as sounds of a quarrel came up from below.

Adderhold listened and heard his name mentioned by some one who was speaking in loud, excited tones.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MISSING SENTINEL.

Early the next morning, after the occurrences related in the preceding chapter, the relief guard came to the rear of the "King's Ale" tavern and found the sentinel gone. The corporal in command of the guard ordered a search to be made for him.

"He must be in the tap-room, full of ale," suggested one of the guard.

"He doesn't drink," said another.

"Yes, he does," put in a third. "I've drank with him often."

"He has left his post, at any rate," remarked the corporal, "and I'll have to report him."

The missing man was reported, and the captain went around to investigate the case.

Ere he reached the spot he heard the news of John Adderhold's numerous adventures of the night before. They seemed like a thrilling romance to him.

"He knows what became of the sentinel on this post last night," said the captain. "I shouldn't wonder if he has not been killed and thrown into the river. I'll look closer and see if I can find any clew to his fate."

He had not searched many minutes before he found bloodstains on the grass and gravel. True, they were very dark and uncertain, but still they were bloodstains.

Springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"He was murdered on post, and those in that house know something about it."

The captain was soon joined by other officers, who likewise examined the signs of blood on the grass and gravel near the gate.

"Yes, it's blood," said one, "and almost fresh, too."

"Should we take some of it to the surgeon and get his opinion on it?" another asked.

"No—it's blood. This is where the sentinel was on post. He is gone, and blood remains. That's the story and the mystery. Let us now find out all we can about it."

"Yes; let's see what they have to say about it in the house."

"Landlord," said the captain, "a word with you."

"Yes, sir, at the King's service," replied the landlord.

"I don't think you care to do the King any service. The King may order you hanged yet."

"The good King will never do that. I am a loyal subject," protested Watson.

"There was a sentinel on guard at the rear of your house last night."

"Yes, sir; I saw him there."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir. I took him a cup of coffee just before I closed up last night."

"Well, what else was in the cup besides coffee?"

"Sugar and cream."

"Why did you take a cup of coffee out to him?"

"Because he asked for it, and because I am a loyal man."

"Oh—ah! That sentinel has not been found since."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Your friend Adderhold, who crashed through your window last night, called here again and made away with him after you had drugged him."

"Captain, you wrong me. You have no right to question my

loyalty. I have never done anything disloyal. I keep a public house, where everybody has the right to come and go as they please. Adderhold was unknown to me, as well as to General Arnold. How could I know him as he was when I don't know him at all?"

"Where is your daughter?"

"Upstairs."

"Call her down."

When Polly entered the tap-room she recognized the captain and bowed to him.

"What is it, father?" she asked.

"The captain here thinks we drugged the sentinel last night to give that rebel spy a chance to kill him."

"Has he been killed?"

"He is missing this mornin'."

"Why don't you accuse me of killing the sentinel, captain?" she asked. "I believe I've been accused of everything else but that. Really I shall have to don the red uniform and kill a few rebels to prove my loyalty."

"Talk is very good in its way, but detectives have traced John Adderhold to this house several times lately, and——"

"Why didn't they arrest him, then?" she asked. "They lied in order to make the King's officers believe they had done something. They are either great liars or greater cowards."

The captain was staggered.

"I shall have to search the house," he said after a moment's silence.

"Yes, search it as much as you please, and if you find John Adderhold hang him as high as Haaman. Come on, search the house from garret to cellar, and see what you can find," and she started to lead them up the stairs.

"I'll go to the cellar first," said the captain, "after placing my men."

The whole house—save the secret room—was thoroughly searched, and no signs of the rebel were found.

The captain could do nothing and went away to make his report, and John Adderhold remained safe in the secret room.

After the search Polly went to the secret room to acquaint the patriot with what had occurred.

"You see how I am hunted," he said. "There are so many detectives on my track that I shall have to remain here for a week at least, if you can take care of me so long."

"Oh, we have enough to eat, I guess," said Polly.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHADOW'S SORROW—ON THE TRAIL AGAIN.

When Arnold left in command of an expedition the watch on the "King's Ale" tavern was removed.

The moment Polly Watson realized this, she ran upstairs to the secret room and informed John Adderhold of the fact.

"They no longer watch the house," she said, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"Then I can go as soon as night comes," he replied.

"Yes, if you wish. But where will you go now?"

"Follow Benedict Arnold—the traitor!"

That night he went out so well disguised that no one suspected him in any way. He went about among the soldiers and citizens, even up to headquarters, and talked freely to all he came in contact with.

But he failed to find out anything definite about Arnold's destination.

"The first news will come from the patriots," he reasoned. "The moment he lands somewhere the news will fly over the

country. I'll slip out of the city and run up to West Point to see my wife. She will be so glad to see me alive and well."

He lost no time in getting away, not even going back to acquaint the Watsons with his designs.

By extreme caution he managed to get over the lines safely and hastened up the river toward West Point.

About sunrise he reached Tarrytown, where he met a man whom he knew, as he had often met him up in the vicinity of the post which Arnold tried to deliver to the British.

"Why, where have you been, Adderhold?" the man asked on meeting him.

"Down below. Have you been up to West Point lately?"

"Yes. Have you heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"Your wife is dead."

John Adderhold staggered backward as if stricken a terrible blow, and his face assumed an ashen hue.

"Oh!" he groaned. "Don't tell me that! I—I—can't believe it."

"I am sorry for you," said the man. "She was taken suddenly sick and died in a few hours. I saw her buried up near the fort. The whole garrison turned out to honor the dead wife of a comrade."

The strong man gave way to a flood of tears. He sat down and wept like a child.

It was a terrible blow.

He reached West Point that night and reported to the commandant, to whom he gave a minute description of everything that had taken place in connection with his mission.

"You have done well, Adderhold," the general said. "I think you have done us good service. We all felt very sorry for you when your wife died. You are at liberty to come and go at will."

He saluted the general and went out to visit the grave of his loved one.

He knelt by the mound and remained there nearly an hour.

When he came away he was pale as death and a heavy grief was on his heart. But he went quietly away again, as if to conceal his sorrow from all his friends.

One day news came that Benedict Arnold had landed on the James River, in Virginia, and was ravaging the country as he marched toward Richmond.

That same day Adderhold was off for Virginia. Washington was hurrying men in that direction, under young Lafayette, in the hope of capturing Arnold.

In due time he arrived in Richmond and reported to the commandant of the post.

Showing his credentials to the commandant, he was allowed to go and come at will.

He met people fleeing before the advancing enemy.

Hearing that the negroes were not personally harmed by the invaders, our hero resolved to disguise himself as one of that despised race, and thus enter the camp as a runaway.

His experience in the art of disguising himself enabled him to get up a good counterfeit of a negro. He surveyed himself in a bit of broken mirror and saw that he was all right.

Our hero went along with other negroes and was soon in the camp of the enemy. He went up to headquarters and asked to see "de general."

"Here he is," said a soldier as Arnold came forward.

The Shadow doffed his hat, bowed and grinned in true negro style.

"Well, what do you want?" the general gruffly asked.

"I want ter go wid you, massa," he replied. "I'se been wid my ole massa in de army an' knows jes what ter do in de camp."

"Do you know the country about here and up near Richmond?" the general asked.

"Yes, sah, I does."

"What's your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Tom Wilkes, sah, an' I libs up in Richmond when I'se at home."

"You can point out the houses of all the prominent rebels, then?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, now, what did you come here for? Tell the truth."

"Yes, sah; I tole yer de trufe. I runned away, massa," and he looked guilty, as if ashamed of what he had done.

"Ran away, eh? Well, what did you run away for, Tom?"

"'Cause I wants to be free, massa."

"Very good. Well, if you can make yourself useful in camp, you can stay and attend to my horse."

"Tankee, massa," and he grinned and bowed like a true Virginia negro.

He at once proceeded to make himself useful about the camp headquarters.

One day Arnold and his staff took up quarters in a rich tobacco planter's farmhouse. They ransacked the house and destroyed whatever they could not consume.

Arnold ordered Tom to accompany him to the stable to look at the horses. The members of the staff remained in the house, discussing the fine wine found in the cellar.

Tom hastened to the stable with the general and together they looked at the horses.

"I think this one will suit me," the general said, indicating a very fine iron-gray in one of the stalls. "He is much better than the one I have."

"That horse is not for you, traitor," said the disguised patriot, drawing a pistol and leveling it at the astonished general's head.

Arnold was almost paralyzed.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"I am John Adderhold, your shadow! Step back to the farther end of the stable and draw your pistol. I scorn to shoot you down like the treacherous dog you are!"

Arnold turned pale as death, but his eyes flashed and his lips compressed as if a rigid resolve had been formed.

"Yes," he said, "we will fight it out, ingrate. As I saved your life once, I'll destroy it now!" and he turned and walked back toward the further end of the stable.

CHAPTER XXI.

DOWN IN A WELL.

Just as Arnold reached the other end of the stable one of his staff of officers burst into the door and blurted out:

"General, we'll have to hurry forward, or we may find ourselves without protection."

The officer stood within five feet of the disguised patriot.

"Shoot that negro!" Arnold sternly ordered. "He is a disguised rebel."

The astounded officer turned and looked at our hero.

He saw a pistol in his hand, and the situation was known to him at a glance.

But he promptly drew his pistol.

Ere he could get it ready for use Adderhold raised his weapon and sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

Crack! went the traitor's pistol, and the bullet grazed the patriot's head, passing through his hat.

Adderhold drew another pistol.

Arnold had no other weapon save his sword. He glanced hurriedly around for some way of escape.

Just on his right was a door which he had not before

noticed. It was closed and locked. But he turned and gave it a desperate kick and open it flew.

The next moment he dashed out.

Away he went, as fast as his heels could carry him, toward the house, where his staff was awaiting him.

"Here! This way!" he cried; "I have been betrayed. That negro Tom was a rebel in disguise! Charge the stable and shoot him down!"

The entire staff went back with him and surrounded the stable.

"We have no time to lose here," he said. "Fire the stable and make sure of him when he comes out."

A torch was brought from the house and applied.

The flames enveloped the whole stable and barn and in a few minutes the horses ceased struggling.

Yet nothing of the Shadow had been seen.

"That ends him," said Arnold.

The situation admitted of no delay, lest they be left so far behind as to fall easy prey to a straggling band of patriots. They sprang into their saddles and bounded away at the top of their horses' speed.

The stable burned to the ground, with a dozen splendid horses, also the body of Captain Cutter, of the traitor's staff.

But not with John Adderhold.

The moment he saw that Arnold had slipped from his grasp and was rushing off toward the house where his entire staff, with one exception, was waiting for him, he knew that his only safety was in a rapid retreat.

In the stable-yard was a well, some thirty feet deep, over which there was an inclosure and windlass.

He ran to that, and quickly climbed down to the water by means of holes cut into opposite sides as steps.

When he reached the water he went in up to his neck and stood there at least a half hour, listening to the roaring and crackling of the flames.

When he heard them leaving he climbed to the top. He looked around and saw that the last of the redcoats had passed on up the road.

"I've got to get around in advance of him," he said as he walked back toward the house. "I won't give up the hope of bringing him down yet, though fortune seems to favor him every time I get near him with the chances in my favor."

But after walking some ten miles out of the route of the enemy, he succeeded in getting a horse and saddle from a patriot farmer.

Thus mounted, he rode fast and furious, and in a couple of days had moved around several miles ahead of the invaders.

One night he slept at the house of a rich planter who was preparing to leave with his family.

The farmer's wife gave him a dress, in which he got himself up as a very respectable old lady. She was to remain as the relative of the owner of the place, and do all in her power to save the house and furniture from the flames.

The family soon left and a few hours later the enemy came along. An officer took possession and ordered a dinner to be cooked for General Arnold and his staff.

By the time the dinner was ready Arnold rode up, accompanied by his staff and dismounted. When he entered the house he little dreamed that he was again face to face with his terrible Nemesis.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE OBSTREPEROUS OLD WOMAN.

The general entered the sitting-room of the planter's residence and seated himself at a small table. His staff had preceded him. On the table was spread a map, over which two officers were discussing some point marked very plainly.

"Where is the owner of this property?" the general asked.

"The owner has fled," replied one of the officers, "and left his old mother behind to take care of the place."

"Where is the old lady?"

"In the house somewhere. She is very peppery and a rebel all through."

"All these Virginia women are," remarked the general.

The general and one of his officers found out where the old woman was and then entered her room.

"Madam," said Arnold, "whose property is this?"

"It belongs to my son."

"Where is he?"

"In Richmond."

"When did he leave here?"

"Yesterday."

"Why did he leave?"

"To avoid meeting you."

"Ah! He is a rebel, then?"

"Oh, no. He is one of the most loyal men in Virginia."

"Madam, you try my patience very much," he said.

"Indeed! Do not the execrations of decent, honorable men all over the world try your patience also?"

Arnold turned pale with rage and trembled like a leaf. He could scarcely refrain from drawing his sword and running her through.

"Madam!" he hissed, "your son is a coward to leave you here all alone! I fully understand the motive. He will be disappointed, for I shall order everything on the premises to be burned."

"Including me, I suppose?"

"Yes, if you do not choose to walk outside the house. I shall not order my men to put you out."

"How very kind," sarcastically.

"You brought it on yourself. Had you not been obstinate and insulting, I should have spared the place."

"And you say you do not make war on women and children?"

"Never mind discussing the matter. The torch shall be applied to the house the moment I leave it. You can stay or go, as you like."

"Oh, I shall not stay and be roasted. But will you not take a ransom for the house? You love gold. That's what you sold out to the King for."

Again he turned ashen-fused with rage. But his cupidity was one of his strongest traits.

"How much can you pay for the place?" he asked.

"How much will satisfy you?" she replied.

"How much have you in the house?"

"Nothing. The gold is buried where fire cannot reach it."

"Where is it buried?"

"Ah! You are thinking of hanging me up by the neck till I am willing to tell, but you don't know me, Benedict Arnold. I would burn to cinders at the stake before I would tell you that."

"I am not thinking of such a thing, madam. If you wish to ransom the place you can pay 1,000 pounds. For that sum I am willing to spare the property."

"What guarantee can you give me that the place will be spared?"

"My word of honor."

"Benedict Arnold's word of honor!" she exclaimed in some surprise.

"You will take that or lose the place!" he hissed.

She looked hard at him for a minute or two and then said:

"I shall have to do so, but I have little faith in it."

"I care nothing for your faith. Where is the money?"

"Out in the woods there—just in the edge of the bushes," and she pointed to the woods, which could be seen from the window.

"You must show me the spot."

"Yes—and you must give me your word that the place shall be spared."

"Yes—I pledge you my word of honor that this property shall be spared if I am paid one thousand pounds in cash as a ransom for it."

"Very well. Take one of your men and come with me. I'll show you the spot."

The general ordered one of the staff to accompany him and the old woman, and together they left the house, taking a pick along with them.

When they reached the edge of the woods, the old woman drew up her dress, as any woman would have done, and led the way toward a huge oak.

Arnold and his comrade followed eagerly.

She stopped under the tree and said:

"It is here," marking the spot with her foot, "about four feet down. You will find it hard digging, as it has been buried about four years."

"Major, try the pick," said Arnold.

The officer threw off his coat and began plying the pick with all the vigor of a hungry miner. Both men were so intent on the work of securing the treasure that neither of them noticed the old woman who had piloted them to the spot.

She, on the other hand, was watching them keenly.

Suddenly she drew a pistol and shot the major dead.

Arnold was dumfounded. Ere he could draw a weapon he found the black muzzle of a pistol staring him in the face.

"Ten thousand furies, woman!" he gasped. "What do you mean? Who are you?"

A chuckling laugh greeted him.

"If you attempt to move you are a dead man, Benedict Arnold, traitor and ingrate!"

"Who—who are you?"

"Your Shadow—John Adderhold," replied the patriot.

Had the earth opened to swallow him, Arnold could not have been more astounded than he was.

With one hand the Shadow began to remove the disguise which had so effectually concealed his identity. With the other he continued to cover the traitor with a pistol.

Arnold dared not move a hand, for fear of inviting the bullet that would forever end his career.

By degrees John Adderhold stood revealed to him as he was—the unrelenting Nemesis who had pursued him ever since the culmination of his treason.

"You thought you had me roasted in that stable," said the Shadow. "Had you thought to look down in the well within twenty feet of the barn you would have found me up to my neck in the water."

The traitor seemed to regret that he did not look down in the well, since he was now looking down in the barrel of an army pistol.

"You dodged me like a coward in that stable," continued the Shadow. "But you can't dodge me now. I have sworn to follow you to your death, traitor. But I can't shoot you down as you deserve. I'll give you a chance for your life. If I believed that I could run you off alive and turn you over to Washington and the tender mercies of a court-martial, I would do so. They would hang you as sure as the sun shines, and you deserve it, too. Now walk off ten paces toward the big chestnut tree, turn and draw your pistol. I am a dead shot, and so am not afraid to give you the chance of a shot at me."

Arnold was not the man to refuse the chance given him.

He turned and walked toward the spot indicated.

But before he reached the tree Adderhold saw a dozen British cavalymen coming toward the woods at full speed.

Arnold saw them at the same time and knew that help was at hand.

He dodged behind the tree and called out to the cavalymen:

"Charge, Britons, and kill the spy!"

In a twinkling the Shadow was off in the bushes, going as fast as his heels could carry him.

The cavalymen had heard the pistol shot which had laid out the major and dashed to the rescue.

They came in the nick of time, for in another minute the great traitor would have been keeping company with Major Horton of his staff.

"Quick! One hundred pounds for him, dead or alive!" cried Arnold as soon as he saw that he was saved.

The cavalymen whooped and shouted like madmen. But they were compelled to dismount and search the woods on foot.

"Escaped again!" exclaimed the Shadow. "Fate seems to be in his favor and against me. I could have killed him as I did the major, and ought to have done so, but I wanted him to know that I was the one by whose hand he was to fall. It would be little satisfaction to me if he didn't know that it was by my hand he received his death blow."

He pushed deeper and deeper into the woods and the sounds of pursuit grew dimmer every moment.

Arnold was so furious at the persistent audacity of the Shadow that he sent two hundred men to scour the woods in all directions, offering a reward of 100 pounds for the patriot, dead or alive.

But while the search was going on our hero was getting further away from the scene of his last failure. He knew that the traitor, rendered desperate by his persistence, would leave no stone unturned to effect his capture.

He was right.

The entire command was halted a whole day in order to catch him. The houses on every farm in a radius of five miles around the place were burned down and a scene of pillage and vandalism seldom seen ensued.

But the Shadow was not again seen in Virginia. The rapid movements of the two armies prevented him from again coming in contact with Arnold. Washington had sent Lafayette to effect his capture. The gallant young Frenchman displayed extraordinary military genius with his limited resources, yet he could not prevent the capture and pillage of Richmond.

But he pushed him so hard that the rapid changes that took place in Virginia soon after were necessary for his safety.

The result of the campaign was that Arnold returned to New York after a few months, while Cornwallis began the campaign that was to end in the surrender at Yorktown in the following fall.

While Washington was pushing forward every man he could muster to corner the British commander in Virginia, Arnold was preparing to make a descent on Connecticut, for the purpose of trying to draw off some of the men under him. But the astute Washington saw the situation as it was and paid little or no attention to him. He was after larger game.

But the Shadow still clung to him—a veritable Nemesis—and in less than ten days after Arnold's return to New York John Adderhold was slyly creeping across the line up about the Harlem River.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

It was on a dark, stormy night that the Shadow crossed the lines of the British camp and made his way down into the city. He knew the way well, dark as it was. But few people were out in the pouring rain, and he succeeded in making his way down into the city without meeting a single individual.

The "King's Ale" tavern was the objective point of his journey.

He found it dark—not a light to be seen anywhere.

"Can it be that the Watsons have moved or been closed up?" he muttered as he looked around. "It won't do to try to wake any one up in the house, for fear somebody else might be in there. I shall have to wait till morning and then call."

He went around to Meyers' house and succeeded in calling him up. Of course he was admitted and given shelter.

"Have the Watsons moved?" he asked after returning the greetings of the family.

"No, they are at the same place," was the reply. "Where have you been since we saw you last?"

"Down in Virginia," was the reply.

The next morning the Shadow made his way round to the Watsons, so completely disguised as to defy recognition from even his most intimate friends. He entered the tap-room and seated himself at a small table. Polly was busy attending to the customers already in the place. She was as beautiful as ever, but with a saddened look on her face.

When she came to him in obedience to his call, he said:

"Bring me a mug of flip and a pipe full of tobacco, Mistress Polly."

He spoke in his natural tone of voice, which she instantly recognized. She started, turned pale as death and then reddened crimson. Her eyes lighted up with a glorious flash of joy. But she dared not speak a word, for fear her voice would betray her emotion.

"I am glad to see you again, Polly," he whispered as he pressed her hand as he received the mug of flip. "You are more beautiful than ever."

She could make no reply to this compliment save a grateful glance. But a moment or two later she asked:

"Will you stay in the city now?"

"For a while," he replied, "if I can find where to lay my head."

"You can find that upstairs."

"The same room?"

"Yes."

"Then I will stay. My game has come back, you know."

"Yes; have you seen him?"

"No, not since my return."

He drank his mug of flip and smoked the pipe for nearly an hour. Then he went upstairs and took possession of the secret room, when he laid aside his disguise for the day. He intended to have a day of rest and a long talk with Polly Watson, who, he well knew, could give him as much news as any one in the city. In such a place as the tap-room she could hear all the gossip that was going on in the city. Men in their cups generally told all they knew, and she had had experience enough to know how to sift the false from the true of all she heard.

At last he heard her coming up the stairs and met her at the head of the flight.

"Ah, Polly!" he exclaimed as their hands met, "you don't know how glad I am to see you again!"

"And I am glad to see you, too," she said. "It seems so long since you went away."

"So it seemed to me. But I have had enough to keep me very busy since I left. You have been well, I see."

"Yes, but I missed you ever so much. I seemed to have no one to care for after you went away."

"Did the redcoats give you any trouble while I was gone?"

"Yes, all they could. They seemed to have a lingering suspicion that you were still in the city. But after a while they came to the conclusion that you had gone away with Arnold. Did you see him while in Virginia?"

"Yes, and twice had him in my power. Each time he escaped me just at a time when he seemed doomed to the fate he deserved."

"Now that he has come back, they may watch the house

again," she remarked. "You must be as careful as you can. It would be certain death to fall into his hands."

"So it would. He is as unrelenting as fate itself. I shall try again to mete out to him the punishment due his crime against America. But I will not let him know of my presence in the city unless I am sure of my game, for in the event of failure he might order the arrest of everybody in the place in order to capture me. Besides, I don't want to give your father any more trouble."

"My father is a true patriot," she said. "You need not fear on his account."

After a day's rest Adderhold went out into the city in quest of information. He was not long in getting it. It was to the purport that Arnold was about leading an expedition against Connecticut—his native State. He furthermore learned that since his return to the city the arch-traitor had surrounded himself with a guard in order to better protect himself from the vengeance of his indignant countrymen.

That evening he told Polly Watson that he was going back to his command.

"I see no chance of doing anything here," he said, "and may as well go back and report to my colonel."

"But are you obliged to do that?" she asked, her sweet face clouded with sadness.

"I think my duty demands that I should do so," he replied.

"And you want to go, too, do you not?" she half stammered.

"No. Why should I want to go?"

"To—to—see—your wife," she said, blushing and paling by turns.

"I have no wife, Polly. She is dead. I am a widower."

She breathed freer. A load of doubt was lifted from her heart. She did not care to ask him how long his wife had been dead. It was enough for her to know that he was not a married man, as she had heard Arnold say he was. He was looking hard at her when he said he was a widower and then asked her:

"How long will you let me remain one, Polly?"

"That is for you to say, John Adderhold," she answered.

"Would you marry me, Polly?" he asked.

"Yes, John," she replied.

Then he told her of his love, which she reciprocated in the fullest sense.

After the surrender at Yorktown Arnold escaped to Europe and years afterward died there, detested by the whole world. The Shadow married Polly Watson and lived happily to a green old age. Their descendants in New York to-day talk to their children of the Traitor's Nemesis.

THE END.

Read "ADRIFT IN THE TREE-TOPS; OR, THE FATE OF TWO BOY CASTAWAYS," by Allyn Draper, which will be the next number (636) of "Pluck and Luck."

SPECIAL NOTICE. All back numbers of this weekly except the following are in print: 1 to 8, 10 to 25, 27, 29 to 36, 38 to 40, 42, 43, 48 to 51, 53 to 55, 57 to 60, 62, 64, 66 to 69, 71 to 73, 75, 81, 84 to 86, 88, 89, 92 to 94, 99, 100, 102, 105, 107, 109, 110, 116, 119, 124 to 126, 132, 140, 163, 166, 171, 179 to 181, 212, 216, 239, 247, 257, 265, 268, 277. If you cannot obtain the ones you want from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, New York, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

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BRIEF, BUT POINTED.

A young woman in Vienna, whose hatpin injured a man's eye and caused him to lose the sight of it, offered as compensation to marry him. The offer was accepted.

An eagle has been observed to rise from the ground and completely disappear into the sky within three minutes. Eagles sometimes soar to heights of more than 15,000 feet.

In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites, prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo, one mass is mentioned which exploded in the air and fell in widely dispersed fragments, portions of it being found in three places at the angles of a triangle whose two longer sides were some fifty-five and thirty-five miles in length. In one of these places two plates of stone were discovered lying about two hundred and fifty yards apart, which had evidently once formed one huge block. Measurements and estimations place the combined weight of the two blocks at eighty tons. In this one shower of "moon stones," according to M. del Castillo's paper, not less than three thousand tons of rock fell.

Why is it that the vast majority of depositors in savings banks, even those of the intelligent classes, believe that it is necessary to wait until the 15th of July to draw their interest and be compelled to wait in long lines and take hours to get their money? The banks announce that the interest is payable on that date, but in reality they mean that it is credited them. If one can figure his own interest, even approximately, he can draw the amount at any time after the 1st of July, and it will not make one cent's difference to him. The amount will simply be charged as a withdrawal, just as is done with the interest after the 15th of July. He will get the interest due on the full amount of his deposits and will get interest on his interest (that part that he does not withdraw) from the 1st of July, just as if he did not draw any interest until after the 15th of July.

The Lake of Waterloo is a phosphorescent sheet of water a thousand feet long, near Nassau in the Bahamas. At night it is like a sheet of living fire if any wind is stirring to ruffle its surface. If the night be calm, says the "Rosary Magazine," the water lies dark and still until some object sets it in motion. Little colored boys are ready to swim out into the lake, where they seem to be clothed in garments of flame, leaving a trail of molten splendor behind them. The oars when rowing are as when dipped in fire, and if one holds up

a handful of the water and lets it fall it looks like beads of gold, and the fish that dart here and there, startled by the visitors, leave flashes of mystic, glowing splendor behind them. The clumsy turtles that move about look like balls of fire, and when it rains the lake is like a mass of jewels. This marvelous display of phosphorescence has never been accounted for, as the lake is of artificial formation, having been made for the breeding of turtles by a Nassau resident. The bed of the lake is cut out of solid limestone and it is filled from the sea, in which there is little of the phosphorescent quality.

OUR COMIC COLUMN.

Mrs. Bibbs (suspiciously)—I don't see how it is that typewriter girl of yours manages to dress better than I can. Mr. Bibbs—Why, you see, she works for a living, and you don't.

"My dad said he'd leave me his entire fortune if I'd stay on the water wagon one year." "Well, why look glum? You've done it for eleven months." "Yes—and father went broke yesterday!"

Tom—Don't you dread a proposal? Dick—Some parts of it. Tom—What parts, for instance? Dick—Well, it is easy enough popping the question, but the trouble is when it comes to questioning the "pop."

Young Wife (rather nervously)—Oh, cook, I must really speak to you. Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint—in fact, it's always something or other. Cook (with feeling)—Well, mum, I'm truly sorry for you. It must be quite awful to live with a gentleman of that sort.

A young woman had fallen upon the ice covered pavement and a man stepped forward to offer his services. "Allow me—" he began, but his feet slipped and he fell flat upon his back. "Certainly," responded the young woman gravely.

Farmer's Boy—Pop, the corn husks in this field are very thick. Old Farmer—That means we're going to have a hard winter. Boy—But the corn husks in that other field are very thin. Farmer—H'm! I got that seed from th' Agricultural Bureau at Washington, an' I shouldn't wonder if it was darn fool enough to go by the Government Weather Bureau.

Average Woman—How am I to know which is poison ivy and which isn't? Average Man—By looking at it, of course. How else would you know? One has three leaves and the other five. Every man of sense knows that, and I don't see why women shouldn't. Average Woman—Yes, I know, my dear, but which kind is the poison kind? Average Man—Why, you goosey, the three-leaf, of course, or the five-leaf, I forget which.

Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, was entertaining a group of magazine editors at luncheon in New York. To a compliment upon his fame Mr. Le Gallienne said lightly: "But what is poetical fame in this age of prose? Only yesterday a school-boy came and asked me for my autograph. I assented willingly. And to-day at breakfast time the boy again presented himself. 'Will you give me your autograph, sir?' he said. 'But,' said I, 'I gave you my autograph yesterday.' 'I swopped that and a dollar,' he answered, 'for the autograph of Jim Jeffries.'"

THE PIRATE KING

By Paul Braddon.

The name of Captain Kidd is familiar to pretty nearly every one. How many people know the true story of that historic freebooter, though? Few, indeed, for it is only by dint of patient research that Captain Kidd's true story can be got at anyway. So obscured is it by the mists of history that in order to form a symmetrical tale it is necessary to combine two widely different authorities, the legends of the day and the brief account of his trial in the Newgate calendar. When you do combine these, though, you find that the redoubtable captain was less an extraordinary monster than a mere romantic and not particularly terrible figure among the queer men and morals of a very queer time.

This time was the end of the seventeenth century. New York was under British rule and pirates swarmed all along our coast. No vessel was safe on the waters, and many were rifled and burned in sight of our bay. The pirates were known to stand in with the government officials, dividing their booty with them, consequently no complaints against them met with any sympathy from the local authorities. Finally the crown was appealed to, and it was proved by indubitable evidence that Governor Fletcher, the ruler of the colony, was an accomplice of the pirates, taking hush money from them to protect them. On this Fletcher was recalled and Lord Bellamont made governor, with strict injunctions to make it hot for the freebooters.

In those days everything was done, from conquering a province to running a sedan chair route, by stock companies. Bellamont, to be in fashion, organized a company for the suppression of pirates. Among the shareholders was the king himself and stock was subscribed to the amount of \$30,000. Immense dividends were expected to accrue from the vast treasures to be seized in the various lairs of the buccaneers.

One of the shareholders was Robert Livingston, of New York. He lent a skipper of his acquaintance, who belonged here, to London, with letters recommending him for the command of the expedition. It was given him, and William Kidd became captain of the galley *Adventurer*, licensed as a privateer, by the king. From the first he was quickly given to understand that though pirates were his chief game he could bag anything that came along, as it made money for the shareholders, and he was not found out. In point of fact, the Company for the Suppression of Pirates was simply a company to make a business of piracy under the cloak of the law.

Kidd was a good man for his position. He had been a packet-ship skipper, plying between New York and London, and also a privateer. He was a first-class seaman and a very determined man. He was well to do and lived in his own house in Liberty street, which was one of the most commodious and best furnished in the city. His wife, who had been the widow of a fellow captain, Mrs. Sarah Oort, was highly esteemed as a lady and a model spouse.

Kidd was to get one-fifth of what he could recover from the pirates or steal from any one else as his share.

He sailed the *Adventurer* from London to New York with a scratch crew in 1695. Here he shipped ninety additional men from the rabble of idle seamen and beach combers, who hung out among the taverns of the waterside. With these he sailed for the Indian seas. In two years he had plundered

scores of ships, sent whole cargoes of treasure home and used up pretty nearly all the pirates afloat in that vicinity. He had also exchanged the *Adventurer* for a fine frigate which he had captured from the Spaniards and in which he returned to New York in 1698.

Bellamont was still governor and delighted, of course, with the success of his company. Kidd had never, up to this time, been regarded as a pirate or a criminal. But now he was guilty of the unpardonable sin of "going back on his pals."

So far, though his acts had been piratical, they had been sanctioned by the privateering laws under which the company which backed him was organized and to which the king himself lent his sanction, even to the extent of capturing English ships if they could be picked up on the sly. Now, instead of settling up with them, Kidd ignored them entirely, and thus passed without the pale even of the elastic privateering law.

Before landing, on his return, Kidd passed up Long Island Sound and buried a lot of his treasures on Gardiner's Island. He divided the rest up with his crew, which he disbanded, and going to Boston, hid away there, waiting for a chance to leave the country. One day he met Bellamont face to face in the street, and that settled him. He was arrested at once and sent to England for his trial, which came off at the Old Bailey, London, May 8 and 9, 1701.

It is noteworthy that at this trial Kidd was accused of piracy and murder, but was convicted on the latter charge alone. His partners dared not press the other against him, and thus show to the world that he had only become a pirate after he refused to divide the spoil with them.

Kidd made a strong fight for himself at the trial. He tried to secure counsel and to obtain a sufficient delay to procure certain papers which gave him authority to ravage and destroy on the high seas. This did not suit his aristocratic prosecutors. They switched him off into answering to the charge of murder and gave the piracy discreet rest.

The victim of this murder was William Moore, a gunner. He had been saucy to the captain, and Kidd had saved it upon him to be punished at some future date. The *Adventurer* had, it seems, fallen in with an English ship, the *Loyal Captain*, and after a powwow with her, Captain Kidd had permitted her to go her way. This had excited the indignation of Moore, who openly said to his fellows that the ship should have been captured, English though she was, and the secret kept by making the crew walk the plank to a man. This criticism came to Kidd's ears, and one day, while Moore was grinding a chisel on deck the captain walked up to him and asked:

"Which way would you have put me in to take this ship, and been clear?"

"I never said such a thing," replied Moore, "or thought of it."

"Thou lousy dog!" cried Kidd. "Thou liest."

"If I am a lousy dog," retorted the gunner, "you made me so. You have brought me to ruin many more."

Kidd flew into a fury of rage at this and began walking up and down the deck, exclaiming hoarsely over and over again:

"Have I brought you to ruin, you dog?"

Then, in a transport of passion, he snatched up a heavy bucket hooped with iron and knocked Moore over the right ear with it. The gunner dropped with his skull fractured.

He was carried into the gun-room, saying as he left the deck:

"Farewell, farewell, Captain Kidd has given me the last."

He died next day.

On this charge was Captain Kidd found guilty. He acknowledged to killing the man, but set up the strong provocation he was under. The charges of piracy were never tried against him, and the men who testified against him were set free.

He was executed on May 12, 1701. His wife and daughter continued to reside in New York after his death in the strictest seclusion and with plenty of money to live on. The captain's friends made no scruples of declaring him a wronged man, and old Livingston was often hooted in the street and called "Pirate Livingston," because so much of his money came out of the company the executed captain was the dishonored tool of.

A sort of bogus investigation was made into the matter in England, and a motion made in the House of Commons to mete out justice to the shareholders in the company as well as the captain. But as this would have involved the king as well as Bellamont, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Earls of Oxford and Romney and a lot of other men of title and position, it was defeated under the vote. The noblemen were impeached, but the trial was a mere farce, and they were whitewashed.

The English government tried to find the treasure Kidd was known to have buried, and did find a box of money and jewels. But that was all. Since then it has been fashionable among the credulous to dig for it in all sorts of likely and unlikely places. The fact probably is that the captain managed to let his wife into the secret of its concealment before his death and that she secured it for herself.

SUNKEN TREASURE

There are few subjects more fascinating to the human mind than that of suddenly acquiring fabulous wealth by discovering hidden, buried or sunken treasure.

There is always at least one solitary danger for Kidd's treasure, and since the art and appliances of the diver have become so perfected, expeditions are continually at work in some portion of the earth, in the hope of recovering some of the treasure that is known to have been sunk in its waters.

Undaunted by repeated failures, companies are from time to time formed to furnish means to dive for the treasure lost off the coast of Venezuela in 1815. Numerous expeditions have been sent out from the United States, the last being one formed by some New York merchant some years ago, of which a well-known New York reporter was placed in charge. Like all other efforts to recover the Alcantara treasure, it was a dismal failure.

The treasure was lost under the following circumstances: In 1814 the Spanish colonies in South America having revolted against the home government, an expedition was arranged in Spain for the suppression of the rebellion. On February 14, 1815, General Morillo, acting as admiral of the fleet, sailed from Cadiz in the San Pedro de Alcantara, accompanied by thirty-two other war vessels and sixty-six transports, for Cumana Bay. He had with him a large armed force, intending to make very short work of the revolting colonists, but he was badly defeated in all the engagements, and was forced to return to Spain; but before he sailed he invited the royalists to go with him.

The invitation was accepted, and for two weeks the San Pedro received transport loads of bullion, jewels and gold and silver utensils, the latter being stripped from the churches and convents, until wealth aggregating \$5,000,000 was stored in the vessel's hold. The day before she was to sail a fire caught in the hold and communicated to the magazine, blowing her up, and killing or drowning 1,000 men. Such is the legend of the wreck and the treasure. In addition to the foregoing, it is

alleged that some fishermen picked up from the wreck, by their hooks and lines, about 1869, a jewel-studded crown, which they sold in New York for \$20,000.

Although America has not thus far been fortunate in her submarine researches for money, yet there are on record remarkable recoveries of specie and valuables from the bottom of the sea elsewhere.

The history of the Lutine is remarkable, not merely for the amount of specie got from time to time out of the wreck, but because, although the wreck occurred in 1799, salvaging operations have been continued up to a few years ago.

The Lutine, on October 9, 1799, sailed from Yarmouth Roads, with several passengers and an immense amount of treasure, for the Texel. During the night a heavy gale drove the ship on to the outer bank of the Fly Island passage. At daylight not a vestige of the vessel was to be seen. She had gone to pieces, and, with the exception of two people, every soul on board perished.

The value of the lost specie was given in the newspapers of the day as being about \$15,000,000. The pay of the British troops, then in Holland, and the crown jewels of Holland, formed a part of her cargo. Salvage operations were almost immediately commenced, and in about eighteen months \$400,000 rewarded the efforts of the divers and others engaged in the enterprise.

The Dutch government was largely interested in the treasure by reason of the wreck having occurred on their coast. They took two-thirds of the specie found, one-third going to the finders.

In 1814 further attempts were made to get at the wreck, which had become deeply imbedded in the sand. This company worked for seven years—from 1814 to 1821—and only recovered a few pieces of silver.

In 1822 another company was formed and spent several thousand pounds for diving operations, without recovering a farthing. Next Lloyds, the adventurers, appeared upon the scene, and after making an arrangement with the Dutch government, commenced work, but the result was merely annoyance and disappointment to all concerned.

Spasmodic attempts to fish up the treasures were made right straight along, and in 1857 a further agreement was entered into between the Dutch government and Lloyds. From 1857 to 1861—sixty years after the wreck took place—great good fortune attended the work of the searchers, about \$125,000 being the amount of Lloyds' share. Some interesting relics as well as money were found, including part of the ship's rudder and her bell.

As late as 1871 they were still searching for the Lutine's treasure, but after the finds of 1861 nothing of any consequence was recovered, as a bed of sand completely covered the wreck. Still they are not discouraged, but live in hopes that a violent storm may arise and shift the bed of sand now covering the wreck, and thus afford an opportunity for the fortune-hunters of the future to try their skill in searching for the lost treasure of the Lutine.

The Thetis, a British frigate, was wrecked in 1830 on the coast of Brazil with \$810,000 in bullion on board.

The hull went to pieces, leaving the treasure upon the bottom in five or six fathoms of water. The admiral on the Brazil station and the captains and crews of four sloops of war were engaged for eighteen months in recovering the lost treasure.

The work was attended with great skill, but with danger, hard labor and even loss of life. Disputes arose between the parties as to the amount of the reward for the savers, and much litigation took place.

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